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#### DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Sad the wind is sighing-Sighing—
Thro' cach gaunt and leafless tree!
Slow the year is dying—
Dying—
Under Nature's stern decree!

Snow-born phantoms fleeting— Fleeting
Over ice-bound mead and meer,
Shadow-pinions beating— Beating— Hover round his vine-draped bier

Mournfully are swelling—
Swelling
On the air, from turrets near,
Moans of bells that knelling!—
Knelling!—
Requiem the fulling year!

O'er his senses stealing-Stealing—

Stealing—

Death's approaches glaze his eyes;

And the Old Year, recling—

Recling—

Totters from his throne and dies!

### ONE-ARMED ALF, The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes

THE MAID OF MICHIGAN. A ROMANCE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DEATH NOTCH," "BOY SPY," "OLD SOLITARY," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER V. POINT MICHIGAN.

AT the point where the Muskegon pours its waters into Lake Michigan, was located the lit-tle settlement known as Point Michigan, so called from its being situated upon a narrow point of land putting out into the lake. The numbered in all about a hundred souls. people were of various classes and nationalities engaged principally in hunting, trapping, and trading with the Indians and French Canadians. There were, however, a few who tilled a few acres of ground in Indian corn, for which they

found ready demand at home.

At that time Point Michigan promised to be a place of great commercial interest at no dis-tant day, but in the midst of its prosperity and infancy came the rumors of war with England. This, the settlers knew, would involve the In-dians in Canada and the adjacent country around, in the struggle against them; and that all effort to hold out against the foe would be madness bordering on criminality, they all felt.

However, as the first rumor of war found its origin in no reliable quarter, the good settlers of the Point entertained hopes of its only being one of those false alarms that ever and anon thrilled along the border, striking terror to every heart.

It was near the close of the same day on which the events transpired at the cabin of One-Armed Alf, as narrated, that a little group of men were assembled on the banks of

river, near the aforesaid settlement, where they could command a view of the great lake, as it lay like a sea of molten silver, reflecting back the glorious light of the fast declining sun. They were rough, bearded men, dressed in garbs in keeping with the border, and made of

buck-skin and linsey-woolsey. In spite of this rough exterior, however, there was a free, honest expression of the countenance that told of the true goodness and greatheartedness of the inner man.

They were not armed, yet all evinced no little fear and anxiety in regard to the matter which we will let their own conversation re-

"If the reports that have reached us are true," said Jack Eller, a bluff, outspoken, odd war-dog of some sixty years, who had seen active service in the great struggle for American independence, "a messenger from one of the exposed p'ints will soon be jogging this way, with news that'll confirm the story. And I daresay our friend, One-Armed Alf, will not be slow in scenting out the trail of the accused hounds, and give 'em a taste of Brandy-wine; and I also think that if thar war any foundation in the reports, Alf would have swung himself down here afore now.'

"Circumstances may prevent, friend Eller," said a young man named Darcy Mayfield.
"Oh, I'll warrant he'll not stop for circumstances. He'll manage some way or other to warn us of impendin' danger as he has done in ther past. I know Alf, boys."

"In case of actual war he might take sides with our enemies, Jack," said a companion.
"Bah, you scamp! If it wern't you, Hugh Stoner, I'd hit you a diff for One-Armed Alf. No, sir'ee, Stoner; he's as true to us as the Muskegon's water is to its source. A bigger and more loyal heart never pounded mortal man's ribs. But if we are to have a war with the British and Injuns, they'll find that old Jack Eller's blood of seventy-six is just as wild and hot as ever, and the sword I won at Brandywine ready to be buckled on. Or, if it need be, I can shoulder a musket, and rattle my old bones over into Canada to the tune of Yankee doodle, with the blithesome step of twenty

Hark!" suddenly cried young Horace Gaskell; "what was that?"
"What was what?" interrogated Jack Eller,

"That noise; did you not hear it?"

"No, Gaskell; I heard nothin'. My hearin' is the only faculty that ole time has dulled; otherwise I'm as springy as a young rooster of

twenty. But what did you hear, Horace?"

A sound like the blast of a horn

"I hope you're mistaken, Gaskell, for the ound of a horn at this time would only be a confirmation of the rumors of war, and—ah, harkee, lads, harkee! there goes it ag'in."

twang of a horn, borne faintly to their ears on, once by the fugitive, for he immediately waved, soldier, having won it by hard knocks at Branthe soft evening air. At first it appeared to come from the forest to the east of the village, blew a shrill blast upon his horn. but a repetition of the sound, which was more distinct than before, convinced them that it came from the lake to northward.

With a keen glance the little group swept the placid bosom of the lake, but not an object thunderous echoes athwart the vibrant air, a appeared upon it. There, was, however, a cannon ball came skimming along the surface adland on the opposite side of the river jutting out into the lake, which concealed a large portion of the eastern shore from view, and if the sound came from the lake at all, it must have come from behind this headland. That this was in fact the case, there was not a single doubt left in the minds of the bordermen when the horn again rung out, nearer and clearer than ever, and with such startling intonations

s sent a thrill of terror through their forms. Without a moment's hesitation old Jack Eller and Horace Gaskell sprung into a small canoe that lay upon the beach before them, and started across the river, to investigate the cause of the alarm, while the rest of the settlers hurried back to their cabins to put the village on

its guard in case danger threatened them. It required but a few minutes for Eller and oung Gaskell to cross the river; and having landed and secured their canoe, they hurried around the point until they had gained an eminence from whence they could command an unobstructed view of the eastern shore of the lake as far as the eye could reach; and they had scarcely taken in the grand spectacle that was set before them when an exclamation from Gaskell drew Eller's attention to a strange sight upon the lake.

About a quarter of a league away to the northward, they beheld a tiny sail-boat coming down before the wind at a rapid pace, its speed eing rapidly accelerated by a pair of oars that flashed in the setting sun, as they rose and fell like white, silvery wings. There was but a single occupant aboard the boat, and as near as they could judge he was a white man. But what appeared the most singular to our two was the presence of another craft of large dimensions, and flying the English colors at its mast-head, in hot pursuit of the little It was more than two miles away, yet our friends could see that it was a British brig carrying several guns and a crew quite adequate for its management.

"Ay! ay! that tells the story, Hor Gaskell," exclaimed Old Jack. "That pizen English flag yonder, upon Michigan's fair bosom, is all the evidence I want of there being war atween our nation and the English. And I dare say, you little craft contains a friend coming to warn us of danger—ah! there goes that horn again—it came from the little fugitive, too. Let us make ourselves visible, Hor Gaskell, and it may

give him courage."
So saying the two descended the headland from amid the shrubbery that crowned it, and stood upon the beach in plain view of both the little stranger and the English vessel, and

There was no mistaking the sound this time. waved their caps.

All heard it distinctly. It was the far-off Their presence appeared to be discovered at

"See! see! don't you see the Maid of Michigan at the helm? It is the Specter Skiff!"

The next instant our friends' attention was drawn to the English brig, by seeing a white cloud of smoke puff out from the prow of the vessel, then, as the sullen boom of a gun sent lake and buried itself in the bank at their feet, dashing up a cloud of dust and dirt in their very faces

"Fire and blazes!" roared old Jack Eller, in a sudden fit of rage and excitement; "that, Hor Gaskell, was intended as a salute for us. The bloody vampires! I'd give years of my life to board that ole scow at this minute with twelve of the boys that fit with me at Brandywine. Oh, Hor Gaskell, how we'd make the rantin' sinners blubber for mercy! But see!the little schooner is bearin' down to'rds us now. Hurrah there, little boat," he yelled at the top of his lungs, "hurrah, ye little tiger, you'll soon be in port. By St. Peter, Horace, the little rip 's gainin' on that English lubber!"
"Hasn't the Englishman come to a dead

stand?" asked young Gaskell. "Believe it has, by Judas," responded Eller, shading his eyes with his open palm, and glancing steadily at the brig. "Oh, ho! I see into t now. Hor Gaskell: the wind has gone down all of a suddint, leaving the big lubber in the lurch. You can see their clouting sails hang limp as dish-rags. Yah! ha! ha! The En-glisher's become becalmed, or else is afraid to enter nearer to ole Jack Eller, the hero of

Brandywine!" There was some truth in eld Jack's words The English vessel had come to a dead stand She had not taken in her sails, which was evi dence of having been becalmed. The little fu gitive's sail, however, had been lowered, but it did not halt. The occupant plied the oars with renewed vigor, heading directly toward the two men on the bank. Five minutes more and the sharp prow of the curiously constructed bark touched the beach at their feet.

The occupant of the craft was a young man of about five and twenty years of age, and in general appearance he was a perfect type of noble manhood. His features were of an intel-lectual mold, and quite prepossessing. He was habited in the uniform of a captain of the United States Army, and his movements and bearing were those of a perfect soldier. In his belt he carried a brace of pistols, while at his side was suspended a coiled tin horn by means of a cord passing over his left shoulder. As he arose from his seat in the boat, he saluted old Jack and young Gaskell, who returned the salutation. The young captain then

stepped ashore, saying as he did so:
"Have I the honor and pleasure of meeting couple of Point Michigan settlers?" "You have that, stranger. This lad is Horace Gaskell and I am old Jack Eller."

wine. Now what's your handle?"
I am Philip St. John, captain of the Michigan Rangers, and I have come to Point Michigan to warn you settlers of a great danger that is hourly gathering around your settlement.' War, then, has been declared between our country and England, sure enough."
"Yes; but how did you hear of it?"

"We've only had floatin' rumors of it, Captain St. John," replied old Jack, familiarly; but if you'd never come this way, captain, that renegade cruiser yonder 'd 'a' told the hull

"Yes; it is one of the proofs, friends," replied the young soldier, "that war between our country and England has been inaugurated. General Hull, with over two thousand men, invaded Canada nearly two weeks ago, but he has been compelled to withdraw his forces to Detroit, upon which the English army under General Brock is slowly but surely advancing Mackinaw is hourly threatened, and God only knows how soon it may fall. The Indians have taken sides with the British, and the horrifying news of murder and rapine will soon convulse the land. Messengers have been dispatched to every garrison and settlement on he Michigan coast, and it was my especial duty to bring the sad news to Point Michigan, and I ope you will lose no time in benefiting your-

"God almighty bless you, Captain Phil; ole Jack Eller is not the man to let danger come upon his people unprepared. The taste that I got of British blood at Brandywine is still strong in my old spirit, and that time has toughened till I'm one of the gamest ole roosters that ever flopped wing or stuck spur. With the weight of sixty years on my ole head, I could chaw a British dog up in the snap of yer eye; but I say, Cap St. John, that English

cruiser give you a close rub."
"Yes; and but for the intervention of Providence in laying the wind, I would have been compelled to quit the lake and take to the

"That's a smackin' little boat you've got thar, captain, I swow. Beats any thing I ever see'd plow Michigan waters; does it belong to

you, Cap?"
"I can't say that it does, friend Eller," replied young St. John. "When I first took to the lake, it was in an old Indian canoe, and it was not my intention to keep it longer than I had rested from hard journeying on foot. in coasting along the eastern shore of the lake, I suddenly espied that boat drifting about tenantless, at the will of the wind. Seeing it was supplied with mast and sail, and supposing that it had been deserted, I resolved to take possession of it, reef sail and conclude my journey by water. I had no sooner taken possession of the little schooner and got her under way than I discovered a British brig bearing hard down upon the wind toward me. A race at once began, for I had determined to stick to

While the young captain was narrating his adventure, Jack Eller took the opportunity to examine the little craft. It was about fifteen feet in length, sharp at stem and stern, and provided with a mainmast and sail. It was provided with a mainmast and sail. It was constructed upon an entirely new principle, and was a gem of workmanship, such as old Jack had never before seen. It was provided with a double pair of oars and extra cnnvas, and, taken altogether, it was a strange-looking craft, having an air of neatness and inviting comfort about it that puzzled Jack not a little as to who its previous owners had been, and why it had been left to go adrift on the broad waters of Michigan.

"By Judas?" he finally exclaimed, as a thought forced itself upon him; "I sw'ar, it looks like the Specter Skiff, captain!"

"The Specter Skiff?" repeated St. John; "what is the Specter Skiff?"

"Jist what its name implies. It's a strange little sail-boat that is seen upon the bosom of Michigan one minute, and the next it ar'n't seen—it is gone. When I fust see'd you comin' down the wind, I thought it war the Specter; but when I see'd a man into it instead of a woman, then I knowed it wer'n't the Spec."

"Then a woman mans the Specter Skiff, eh?"

Then a woman mans the Specter Skiff,

"That's what some say that's been clus to

"That's what some say that's been clus to her. They say she's a perfect angel, too, with big black eyes and long golden hair—a beauty and a nymph of the fust water. She's called the Maid of Michigan, and some think that she's the guardian angel of these waters, but it's only the superstitious. Men that fit at Brandywine, like me, can't be gulled in sich a way. But say, Captain Philip, can't you spend the night at P'int Michigan?"

"I can not, Mr. Eller, I am sorry to say. I must lose no time in returning to Mackinaw. I see the wind is rising and shifting into the south. It's already in the south south-east, and will soon be square around. Then I can elude that British cruiser. The sun is already down, and there will be no moon until late tonight. I would like to go up the Muskegon and see One-Armed Alf, the Giant Scott, if I only had the time. I am satisfied he has some news that would be worth carrying to the commandant, for I understood that he intended to gain an audience, at the risk of his life, to the creat conveil of all the chiefe of the ed to gain an audience, at the risk of his life, to the great council of all the chiefs of the Peninsula tribes, and learn the result of the

"When was the council to be held?"
"A day or two ago."
"What at?"

"At some point in the forest east of the Ottawa village."
"It's the fust I heard of it. I presume the

take sides with the English in the war. "Yes; the English were to have their Indian agent, Ensign Mackclogan, there to—" He did not finish the sentence. They were all standing with their backs to the lake, when a slight, unnatural sound, like the flap of a wing, caused them to turn suddenly toward the lake.

the lake.

A cry of surprise burst from every lip.

"By the blood spilt at Brandywine, Captain St. John, your craft is gone! Heaven and mysteries! and it is the Specter Skiff, man! See! see!—don't you see the Maid of Michigan at the helm? Age of mystery!"

There was no denying old Jack's word. The little boat was gone from its moorings, and, with crowded sails, was seen scudding across the lake in a westerly course. Sure

across the lake in a westerly course. Sure enough, at the helm stood the form of a young girl, whose white face was turned toward our friends, and wreathed in a pleasant smile; while her great, mournful eyes shone with the soft light of childish innocence. Her head was surmounted with a coronet of tiny shells and sparkling jewels, and from beneath this a wealth of golden hair streamed in rippling masses about her white, snowy neck and shoulders. She stood half concealed behind the bellving sail, and before our friends could fully comprehend the state of things, the intervening distance blended the little sail-boat and its fair, strange occupant in one tiny white speck, as they sped onward over the broad bosom of Michigan, pursued by the English cruiser!

> CHAPTER VI. A STRANGE MISSIVE.

For a moment our three friends stood watching the receding Specter Skiff and the pursuing Englishman, completely dumbfounded. A deep hush reigned, which was not broken until distance and the gathering shadows of evening had concealed the two boats from view; and then Captain St. John was the first to sp "That must be your Specter Skiff, Mr. Eller,"

"To be sure it is, captain. There is no other

proof needed," replied Eller.
"Then I have been riding in the Specter Skiff, but I would take my oath of it, that there was no other living creature besides myself aboard the boat when I was. The girl must have been concealed in that shrubbery there, and stole aboard the craft while we stood with our backs to the lake, conversing,

"But if she is a nymph or water-spirit, as the superstitious say she is, she could go and come She is no spirit, Mr. Eller, I assure you;

but a real being in the flesh."

"It may be, captain; but, anyhow, wer'n't the jade a perfect angel for slap-up beauty and heart-smashin' loveliness?"

"She appeared extremely handsome, Jack, and henceforth I shall have a longing desire to

know more about this Maid of Michigan."

"Ay, ay, captain! I see you have had a deep emotion aroused in your breast by that strange girl; and I'll admit, if I wer'n't an ole, broken-down war-hoss, with a hide too thick for Cupid's darts, I'd prove a formidable rival of your'n in courtin' that water-nymph. But then, "Are you Major Jack Eller?" queried the once began, for I had determined to stick to the craft until the last, and for three long hours again; so, what's the use tryin' to bottle sun-three long hours that name, or used to, down East, have we been running dead down on the wind."

canoe's gone, you mout as well step over to the P'int and spend the night. What say you,

cap'n ?"
"Impossible, Mr. Eller. I must make my way back to Mackinaw, quick as possible. It I'll raise half a dozen men to escort you to is true, the loss of the boat will compel me to Mackinaw, for it 'll not be safe for you to start

"Not a bit of it, cap'n," replied old Jack;
"come and go over to the P'int and you shall have the fastest hose in ole Jack Eller's stable.

"I declare, Mr. Eller, I am half inclined to accept your kind offer," replied St. John.
"Then come along without further words." The young ranger turned and at once set off

In a few minutes they crossed the headland and reached the point where the canoe was moored. In another minute they were aboard

with Eller and young Gaskell toward the

the craft moving across the river. "How far is it from here to the cabin of the famous seout and spy, One-Armed Alf?" asked Captain St. John, when the boat was fairly under way. "Two or three leagues, or nighly on to

that," replied old Jack. "Why so?"
"Fince I will be compelled to reach Mackinaw by land, I may go past his cabin. His services are needed at Mackinaw."

"Wal, it's singular that he hasn't got wind of this war, and if he has, it's more singular that he don't let us know. Must be that sumthin's goin' wrong up that way. That 'tarnal Spirit of the Woods hangs around up that way and it may be he has sent Alf across the Jordan." That Spirit of the Woods is quite a farce.

Eller as much so as the Specter Skiff. would just as soon lay the whole thing to some of your hunters as any one; or, to One-Armed

Ho! ho! cap'n, you couldn't git that down me with a forty-foot pole. One-Armed Alf was never known to carry as much as a pop-gun, let alone a rifle. Why, he couldn't manage a rifle with one hand, for it takes a skillful man with two hands to shoot like that Spirit. Why, they say Alf never pulled a trigger in all his life. His hound and cane are his only companions when he's out, and the red-skins won't harm a hair of his head, for they think the Great Spirit made him without that arm that he might not lift it against them. Why, he's been known to keep and doctor a sick or wounded Injun a month, and then send him away with his best wishes; and that don't look as though he war an Injun-slayer. Besides, none but Ojibway warriors have ever been found with the bullethole of the avenger upon their breasts; the Ojibs appear to be his especial game. However, the Britishers may take a different view of One-Armed Alf's peaceful habits, and send him to Canaan's happy land. No, captain; the Spirlt of the Woods is as tangled-up an affair as the Maid of Michigan, and, harkee, Captain Phil, ole Jack Eller's word for it, you'll find, some day, that the Spirit of the Woods and the Maid of Michigan are one !"

What makes you believe so?" "The very fact that wherever a victim of the avenger is found, it is not over ten miles from the const; and now, mark you, St. John, we'll soon hear of an Ojibway Injun bein' found hereabouts, shot through the heart with a tiny

"It would probably be a good thing if every Indian on the Peninsula could be found in a like state, then the English would have no one to depend on in the coming struggle.

"Wal, if war we must have, ole Jack Eller will make his mark, as he did at Brandywine, now mind—but say, Gaskell, jist hold up thar with yer paddle a little minute."
Herace Gaskell, who was paddling the cance,

at once complied with Eller's request and the boat came to a stand. Both he and the young officer were about to inquire the cause of Eller's sudden request, when they saw his eyes fixed upon a solitary green leaf floating on the sur-

Why such an insignificant object should hold the old borderman's attention so closely, completely puzzled his companions, and before pletely puzzled his companions, and either of them could make any inquiry into the matter, the leaf had floated within arm's length of the cance and the old man reached out and picked it up. He then examined it closely and carefully and his companions saw his eyes dilate, his lips part and his breath come quicker and hard, as though some terrible emotion convulsed his whole frame.

"What now, Mr. Eller? what now?" ques-

tioned the young captain.
"What now?" the old frontiersman exclaimed, his face becoming set with a firm, rigid ex-"why, I have a message from One-

"A message, did you say?"
"Yes, a message from the Giant Scout, and may God have mercy upon the settlers of the Peninsula. There it is, captain-written upon an oak leaf. Look upon it-read it for your-

As he concluded, the old borderman drew from his pocket a small memoranda-book, which he opened, and then upon one of its white pages he laid the green oak leaf just plucked from the waves of the Muskegon.

Then Captain St. John read the startling message that caused a groan to escape from his

### CHAPTER VII.

### THE MESSAGE.

This strange message which old Jack Eller handed to Captain St. John to read, was indeed written upon an oak leaf, the letters having been cut or pricked with a sharp-pointed in-strument, and when laid upon the white page of Eller's memoranda, each letter showed plain and distinct in white with but little irregulari ties where the point of the instrument had crossed the fibrous veins of the leaf. It read: I am surrounded. Haste the news. Mackinau ALF."

This Captain St. John read aloud.
"That's what it says, cap'n," added old Jack.
"My God! then all will be lest!" cried St. John; "I can never reach the garrison in time to warn them of their danger, and they'll not be expecting an attack so soon. I hope this

message may prove to be a mistake."
"Nay, nay, Cap," replied Eller, "One-Armed Alf is never mistaken in these matters. He alers makes sure before he speaks. His way of finding out facts is a mystery to me and every but be that as it may, it's sure, every This way of communicatin' by leaves car ried down by the current, is not new with the scout. He does it whenever he wants to tell us how things are goin', and yit don't want to be seen in these diggin's. I dare say, than's a hundred leaves jist like this one floatin' on the Muskegon at this minute. You see the object—if one don't reach the place, or should pass without being seen, mebby another will. It's an original ijee with One-Armed Alf, and a good 'un too, for who, 'unless he war in the segood 'un too, for who, unless he war in the se-cret, would pay any attention to a few leaves floatin' on the bosom of the river that traverses a hundred miles of forest? Ay, Cap, a bigger and nobler heart never pounded human ribs than that of that identikul, One-Armed Alf.

"But he must be in trouble himself, Eller,

"He must be surrounded by savages."

for he says he's surrounded," said Horace Gas-

"It must be so, Horace; and as men, we stand in duty bound to hasten at once to his assistance. If you can tarry, Captain St. John, until we can get the scout out of his trouble, I'll raise half a dozen men to escort you to Macking of the safe for rout to the safe for rout of the safe for route of the safe

I am much obliged to you for your kind consideration and promise; but, perhaps I am more able to make the journey alone than you are to spare the men from Point Michigan

"Nay, nay, Cap; we'll have to pull up and strike out for Chicago or Detroit at once. We can make no defense here against the Indians now. If it wer'n't for that cussed British cruiser we could take to the lake and reach Chicago easily and in a little while. But, pull hard for shore, Gaskell, and let's make every

minute count Gaskell plied the paddle vigorously, and in a few minutes the opposite shore was reached Having landed, the three proceeded to the quar ters of Jack Eller, where the settlers were all summoned and the state of affairs made known. For awhile excitement ran high, but when quiet was again restored, preparations were at once made to go to the assistance of One-Armed

Old Jack Eller, whose age and experience fitted him for the position, stood at the head of the military department of the little village. His judgment, in fact, on all points could be relied upon, despite his bluffness and reckless-ness of character. At heart he was an honest and straightforward man, and what was lack ing in education was made up in instinct and years of experience.

From the settlers he selected four young men who readily assented to accompany him to the cabin of One-Armed Alf, and from thence to Mackinaw with Captain St. John, and, who at

once prepared themselves for the journey.

One of the four, whom Eller introduced to St. John as Darcy Mayfield, was a man about the captain's own age, and whose general ap-pearance struck St. John as being decidedly remarkable. He possessed a form, noble and commanding, and features that were strong, open and manly in expression. His eyes of a dark blue, shone with the light of intelligence and honesty, and his mouth and fine-curved lips home with the light of intelligence and honesty, and his mouth and fine-curved lips bore evidence of great firmness and decision of character. His hair was of a dark brown, and strange as it may appear, was thickly sprinkled with threads of silver. His premature grayness St. John knew was not the result of illness nor feeble health, for his physique was strong and robust. But there was a faint softness of his voice, a firm compression of the lips, and strange, wild vacancy of the eye that told of an aching, troubled heart. Nevertheless, he was a man calculated to win friends at first sight, for there was that about his looks, ad-dress and deportment that not only invoked friendship and admiration, but a feeling of silent sympathy

"It is the fact then, Captain St. John," Mayfield said, after being introduced, "that we are upon the eve of a terrible war?" "Yes; such is the case, Mr. Mayfield, I re-

gret to say; and there is no possible chance of evading it now." "Have the armies of England and America

met in battle yet?"
"Not that I know of. General Hull, however, began the invasion of Canada several days ago, and it may be that a hard battle has been fought between him and Proctor. Mackinaw, I just learned, is threatened, and should it fall, God only knows what will follow."
"Are there women and children at Macki-

naw ?" asked Darcy. "Yes; there are over fifty women and children—officers' and soldiers' families."
"Have you relations there?"

"I have no relatives there, Mr. Mayfield, but

"I understand, captain, what you would say," interrupted Mayfield; "that tell-tale blush speaks plain as words. I pray Heaven, captain, that your life may not be blighted like mine has been by the ruthless hand of the savage. And as we are likely to be companions for awhile at least, let me tell you that I will show no Indian, especially an Ojibway, mercy, even after he is down. I hate them, curse them, worse than I hate a serpent!' and the man's eyes fairly blazed with the fire of indignation stirred within him. "Yes," he continued, "I hate them! They have made a perfect devil of me toward them, and I take more delight in slaying them than in any thing elson earth. I make it a point to hunt them lown like deer, and even now I am impatient o be off upon their trail. I know it is a fearto be off upon their trail. I know it is a fear-ful passion for one to let remain in his breast; but I dare say, captain, it would be even so with you should you, when you return to Mackinaw, find that she, upon whom you have centered all your love and future happiness, had been cruelly murdered or carried away to a fate worse than death by the savages. Yes, I repeat it, captain, it would make a demon of epeat it, captain, it would make a demon of u toward those accursed barbarians!

Before Captain St. John could make reply Jack Eller made his appearance and announced all in readiness for immediate departure to the assistance of the Giant Scout. The captain had, however, heard enough to satisfy him of one thing: Darcy Mayfield was the terrible avenger—the Spirit of the Woods.

As all were anxious to be off, the little party,

including St. John, took their departure up the river. By this time it was dark, and in the forest the shadows were black and desolate: still, under the guidance of Darcy Mayfield, the little party moved on quite rapidly. They journeyed in silence, although it was all the guide could do to keep bluff old Jack Eller uiet, his blood having been aroused to a Brandywine heat.

As they neared the lonely cabin of the Giant Scout the gloom seemed to thicken around them. They stopped to listen for some sound that might aid in directing their course, but all was silent as the grave, save that weird, selemn mean of the wilderness and the gentle murmur of the Muckeyer hard by of the Muskegon hard by. The deep hush of all animated nature was a foreboding element, full of meaning and significance to the trained

At length, when all was ready to resume the ourney, Darcy Mayfield said: "Let each one now observe the greatest pre

caution, for, if our friend Alf is in danger, the first indication of our approach may precipitate "Ugh-humph," ejaculated Old Jack, with

The party moved on a short distance and igain came to a halt by direction of their

"How far are we from the scout's cabin?" asked one of the party, growing impatient.
"Hist!" commanded young Mayfield, and his form seemed to rise up in colossal proportions

before those who now bent their eyes upon him through the darkness. A deep silence reigned. Then there is heard a sound like the snap of a dry twig close by, followed by the quick soft fluttering of feet and the rush of a body through

The figure before our friends had suddenly vanished—they saw that their guide, Darcy Mayfield, was gone!

"Why, you numbskull, don't you understand the English langwidge. It means mad-1 be

lieve Darcy goes mad whenever he gits into the atmosphere of an Ojibway."

"Yes; and I dare say," added Captain St. John, "that when you find out the real truth of the matter you'll find he is the reputed Spirit of the Woods." 'Oh, Judas!" exclaimed Old Jack; "sich a

thing is onpossible."
"Is the bore of his rifle large or small?" asked St. John. "Small, captain, small," said Paul Engle

"there's not a rifle in the settlement that takes as small a bullet as Darcy's." "Then that is almost positive proof of his being the Spirit," said the captain.
"I can't b'lieve," said Old Jack, "but—

The sharp, yet delicate intonations of a rifle came to the ears of the party. It came from the direction in which Mayfield had gone. All istened intently, but the report of the piece

vas succeeded by a profound silence. For some time our friends stood wrapt in sience and doubt. They were afraid to move on lest Mayfield would be unable to find them again in the darkness.

Several minutes had been spent in speculating over their situation, when they were suddenly startled by a light, soft thread which could be aintly heard approaching from the river quite

with bated breath and eyes distended, our friends peered into the gloom, out of which they suddenly saw a dark figure—a mere densi ty of shadows—float. It appeared to be crawling, or rather floating parallel with the earth's surface, and behind it could be seen the merest speck of dull, blue fire, which in no way could e accounted for, and which filled our friends with emotions of sudden fear and surprise.
(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 199.)

# Gentleman George:

PARLOR, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET. A STRANGE ROMANGE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE-MAN-FROM-TEXAS," "MAD DETECTIVE,"
"ROCEY MODITARD ROB." "WOLD DEMON!" "OVERLAND RIT." "RED MAZERPA!" "ACC OF
BPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC.

> CHAPTER XV. NEIL JEMMISON.

A QUARTER to eight, and the large and mag-nificent theater known as Niblo's Garden was two-thirds full, and the people were still pourng into it.

One of the managers-a dapper, plump, olly-looking gentleman with a blonde mus-ache—and Miss Desmond's business agent, Medham, stood near the bouquet-stand, in the

"They are coming in pretty fast," Medham remarked, with a look at his watch; "it wants

a quarter to 'ringing-up' time,"
"Yes; we've got 'em," the manager replied,
complacently, carefully twisting the ends of his well-waxed mustache. "Friday night is a bad night, too; we'll have a house to-morrow night that will make you open your eyes. This is a little different from playing in the Western barns which they call opera-houses, isn't it?"

"Yes rother"

"Yes, rather."
"When we get a house here it means twelve hundred to two thousand dollars. Hallo, there's the Judge—Bruyn, you know; I introduced you to him the other night."

The Judge, with a party of three gentlemen, attended by a colored servant, was just at that moment passing through the lobby on his way to the private box that he had taken for "Mis Desmond's nights," to use the booking term.

The colored servant carried a large bundle wrapped up in white paper, carefully in his

"Bouquets," said the manager, with a laugh, referring to the parcel that the colored servant bore; "the Judge is a great theater-goer, but I never saw him so interested before. my boy "—and the manager patted him softly on the back—"there's nothing like a pretty woman to fetch 'em; talent is all very well, but if talent is ugly, talent won't draw, and we run theaters to make money.' And then the manager paused in his obser-

vations to bow to an olive-faced, well-built rentleman, dressed entirely in black, who chanced to pass, just at that moment.

"Hallo, who's that?" exclaimed Medham, attracted at once by the stranger. "He looks ike a cross between a Spanish prince and a eading tragedian."
"Do you notice what a remarkable resem-

blance he bears to the pictures of the Napoleon family?" asked the manager, replying to one question by asking another.

"Yes; that is what suggested the Spanish orince; he looks too deuced solemn to suit my ideas of a Frenchman.'

"He's a wealthy New Yorker—lives up-town somewhere; I met him first, years ago in Paris, across the water. He was studying medicine then.'

"Yes, but he doesn't practice, I believe; he's enormously wealthy; an uncle died and left him a California gold mine; I heard the story What's his name?"

"Neil Jemmison."

And leaving the manager and the agent of the "star" to watch the people coming into the theater, and to speculate as to how much money they would take that night, we will follow the dark-faced stranger, who moved amid the butterflies of fashion—the daintily-dressed young gentlemen with roses in their buttonholes and carefully-oiled locks parted in the center—like a very king; not one by accident of birth, but one of the brawny-sinewed rulers of the olden time, who clutched their scepter with the strong arm and maintained it by dint of might, backed by a cunning brain. Down along the right-hand lobby Neil Jem-

mison sauntered, until he came to the third door from the stage. Being open, it com-manded both a view of the stage and the vast auditorium, now a sea of heads.

The orchestra had just commenced their overture, and the curtain had not yet risen.

Jemmison leaned against the side of the door and listlessly surveyed the "house." We use the term in its theatrical sense, meaning, not the building, but the people in it.

And as Jemmison—the inheritor of the California gold mine, as the chatty manager characterized it—leaned against the side of the may have produced the change in the voice; door, cold and calm as an iceberg, two shorthaired, bullet-headed young men in the lower circle opposite, dressed rather flashily and evidently in the theater strictly on business—in the pickpocket line-and not for amusement, Fif I am close to the footlights." caught sight of the tall, lithe figure framed in "Pardition take the furies," blurted Old Jack the open doorway.

him with his elbow, "if there ain't the 'Doc- that he was within some twenty feet of the ma-

tor,' an' dressed like a sport!"

The other took a good look and became satisfied that the dark-faced gentleman in the doorway was indeed the man who, in the slums of the East Side, had been known as "The Doc-

the East Side, had been known as "The Doctor."

"I guess that he's here on business too," and then the second night-bird grinned at the first. The sharp eyes of the two representatives from Water street had detected the truth.

Neil Jemmison and the Doctor were one.

"The Doctor was a state of the knowing courtiers.

Standing as Jemmison did, he could not help overhearing the conversation of the knowing courtiers.

Neil Jemmison and the Doctor were one. The overture ended—the curtain rose. Jemmison, like the rest of the audience

turned his attention to the stage. The play progressed, the story began to slowly unfold itself, and then, after due preparation, the "star of the evening" made her appearance—habited as an Indian girl, a laughter of the great Comanche nation-to a

feet—one elegant bouquet, in particular, coming from the box on the left, occupied by Judge Bruyn and his friends.

The actress bowed her thanks, gathered up her floral trophies, and the play proceeded. Jemmison, who had sauntered into the theater for an hour's amusement, not knowing what was to be played or who was to play it

had listened to the opening dialogue in his careless, listless way, but on the appearance of Miss Ellen Desmond his manner had undergone a wonderful change.

At first he had started and stared at the stage, and all the time that the vast audience were applauding and the actress was bowing her thanks, picking up her bouquets and de-positing them on the table whereon reposed the buffalo-tongue, the supposed product of the wondered that any woman could cast a spel young Indian girl's rifle, he had been rubbing his eyes and staring at the beautiful girl with her long raven tresses; Miss Desmond wore an "Indian wig" over her own fair locks to carry out the idea of the daughter of the prairie.

By Heaven ! it is the woman, or else I am going mad!" he muttered, between his firm-set teeth. "But her hair was not as dark as that, nor as long.'

Then the thought of the stage disguises "Oh, what a fool I am; it is a wig she wears; her own brown tresses are underneath wears; her own brown tresses are underneath. The man who would put such a strange incident as this into a novel would be laughed at, and yet it is reality. The woman that I have searched for amid all the low haunts of crime in this great city—whom I imagined that I would find, poor, deprayed, a wreck of what she formerly was, flashes before me on the stage of one of the leading theaters of New York, the star of the night—the magnet which has drawn a couple of thousand people together, more beautiful, younger looking—more fascinating, more dangerous than when I first

ascinating, more dangerous than when I first met her, some twenty years ago!"
And, by the time Jemmison had come to the end of his unspoken speech, the actress opened

her mouth and spoke,

If the "Doctor" had been astonished at the sight of the young and beautiful Miss Desmond he was no less surprised when the tones of her voice fell upon his ears.

Again he stared blankly at the stage, then he passed his hand over his forehead and endea-vored to call back the sound of the voice of the woman, who, twenty years ago, had been to him as the guardian-angel who held ajar the gates of Paradise.

The face astounded him and the voice perplexed him.

The face was familiar to him; he would nive recognized it among a thousand, but the roice—if he had heard it coming from an ad-oining apartment and had not seen the speaker, he would willingly have sworn that the owner of the voice was a stranger to him. "What can this mean?" he muttered, in agi-"Am I mad or dreaming?"

#### CHAPTER XVI. THE ROSEBUD.

THE speech of the Indian girl was ended; I was a "telling" speedi—stage parlance again—full of flowers, freedom—and bathos. Again the audience had signified appreciation of that sort of thing coming from a pretty woman. Jemmison was in a maze; clear, cool-headed

fellow that he was, his brain was in a whirl. Again he looked upon the sweet, fresh young face of the actress—an Indian girl, white as pearly water-lily; such little inconsistencies are he charm of the drama-and as he looked he was sure that it was the face of the woman who had pillowed her head upon his breast, who had been the mother of his child, but who had wedded herself to evil, and plunging into the world, had disappeared beneath the great ife-tide as suddenly and completely as the poor wretch who seeks the dark waters of the rolling wave to find forgetfulness and rest. But when she spoke, his heart answered not

to the voice; it was the tones of a stranger that | he listened to. "Years change voices as well as faces," he

"Time, that has spared her angelface, may have worked its will upon her voice and yet, the voice of this woman is like liquid music. So, too, Lina's voice was pleasant to the ear, but far less strong, and with a different ring to this one." Intently Jemmison watched the progress of

the play. Every look, every action of the woman he recognized, and when shyly, during the course of the scene, she withdrew herself from the embrace of her lover, the gallant'young American gold-hunter-represented by a mature gentleman of forty, with the obesity of an inn-keeper, and a voice like the roar of a basedrum-Jemmison remembered how often in the old time, before the wedding-ring had spanned her finger, she had acted in a like manner with him. The coyness was acting then, as now, and the dark-faced man ground his teeth violently as the thought came to him. When she was silent he was sure that the ac-

tress, Ellen Desmond, was the woman whom he had known, years before, as Lina Aton; but when she spoke, he doubted. The end of the scene came, and the actress

disappeared - amid a burst of applause, as Then, losing all interest in the mimic scene, Neil Jemmison cast his eyes to the floor and

"Is it, or is it not?" he muttered : like all men who are solitary in their natures, Jemmison communed much with himself. "Shall I satisfy my curiosity, or, now that I am almost certain that I am face to face with the woman that I have sought, shall I pause and not con-

Long he pondered over the question, but at last he decided.

besides, sometimes the voice in singing sounds altogether different from the same in speaking it may be the same effect here. I will get nearer the stage; perhaps I shall be able to decide. Jemmison left his position by the door and

walked through the lobby until he came to the a moment; saw at a glance that he was differ

"Oh, Bob!" cried one to the other, nudging | door nearest to the stage. Opening it, he found gic circle of lights which guarded the realm of

Four or five young men, elaborately "got up," with flowers, kids and perfumery, were gathered in a little knot just inside the door.

young gentlemen who comprised the group.

young gentlemen who comprised the group.

"Say, Fred, did you see that bouquet that the
Judge threw the little girl?" asked one of the
young men, addressing the one next to him.

"I bet you!" replied the other, languidly;
"it must have cost ten dollars if it cost a cent. Hang it! what chance can us fellers stand, if swell like old Bruyn is going to enter for the race? He owns about a dozen banks. I tell wild burst of music from the orchestra.

A "round" of applause came from the vast audience and half a dozen bouquets fell at her any more stamps on bouquets while that old monster over there is around.

By this time Miss Desmond was on the stage again, and Jemmison, looking over at the box opposite, attracted by the conversation that he had overheard, could not help noticing how visibly Nicholas Bruyn seemed to be impressed by the looks or talents—or both combined—of the actress. And, watching the stage closely too, as well as the occupants of the box, Jemmison, old theater-goer as he was, could not help noticing that the pretty actress played more directly to the private box than she did

to the audience in front. Is it possible that she has fascinated a man like Bruyn?" Jemmison asked, again communing with himself. The Judge was well known to Jemmison. He knew his iron nature, and over him. "It is such women as this fair-face demon that make men ruin themselves, and then laugh at the mischief they have wrought. Closely and carefully Jemmison watched the stage until the tableau at the end of the first act came, and the curtain descended. Then he

went to the stand in the front lobby and procured an opera glass. "This may enable me to penetrate the illusions that art has cast around her, and to decide whether she is the woman that I think she is or not," he muttered, as he sauntered along through the lobby to his old position

Regaining his former station, he pondered over the memory of the past. "If it were not for the child, I would let the woman go," he murmured; "but I can not forget the child. I must learn whether it is living or dead. True, I have this poor little waif that I have picked out of the gutter as it were, but still I can not be satisfied until I learn the

fate of the other." The music ended, the curtain rose on the second act. First came a long scene between the villain of the play, the Spanish commandante, and the guileless Mexican girl; then came Miss Desmond again, and this time amid the raven tresses of her long hair, she wore a half-open white rosebud, evidently selected from one of the numerous bonquets that had been bestowed

upon her during the first act. Jemmison, who had been watching both the actress and the Judge, through his opera-glass, detected the flush of pleasure that came over the massive face of the Judge as he noticed the

rosebud in the raven hair. "He takes it as a signal to him," Jemmison muttered. "But is the web that this woman can weave strong enough to hold so big a fly as Judge Nicholas Bruyn?"

A question which time alone could answer. Medham had come round, at the end of the first act, with the cheering intelligence to Miss Desmond that there was over a thousand do lars in the house, and he had also asked her i she had noticed that Mr. Bruyn was in the box At which the actress had laughed and point ed significantly to the rosebud, which she was

weaving in amid her hair.
"From him, eh?" Medham inquired. "Yes; do you think that I would wear it else?" she asked, scornfully.
"It's a splendid idea!" the man of business

exclaimed, rubbing his hands together, gleefully, "Every man in front that threw you a bouquet will imagine that that rosebud came from his bouquet. It's a magnificent idea! Then the manager withdrew.

The actress felt that she had never played etter; she tried as she had never tried before

and yet, in all that vast audience, she only care to gain the applause of one man; and how her heart swelled with triumph as she watched his face and saw it kindle under the influence of What power like acting to make a vast audi-

ence laugh or weep at bare command?

And then, right in the full flush of her triumph, just as she felt that the world was ather eet, begging that her dainty slipper be placed upon its neck; just as she turned away from he handsome features of the millionaire Judge a face, so cold and stern that it chilled the life blood in her veins, rose out of the vast sea of heads before her as distinct as though the great audience had but one face, and that face was the one that frighted her.

#### CHAPTER XVII A WOMAN'S DODGE.

THE fright of the actress lasted but for a second, and then her self-possession returned to her, and she went on with her speech. That brief hesitation was no hose engaged in the business of the stage and the vast audience in front, but none guessed i

cause except the dark-faced gentleman, who

eaned against the side of the doorway, motion less as a marble statue. The actress played with a strange and fiery energy now, and ever and anon a hectic flame burned in her checks, paling the color of the vermilion with which the art of her dressingmaid had adorned her as a corrective of the

yellow, ghastly glare cast by the footlights.
The second act followed the first; the third the second, and then the curtain descended vailing the face and figure of the actress, and the audience began to pour out of the theater Jemmison, still undecided and uncertain, fo lowed the throng. Acting upon a sudden impulse, he proceeded at once to the back-door of

the theater, on Crosby street. A little crowd of people were hanging around the portal which gave entrance to the charmed precincts of the stage, and a close, one-horse

carriage was drawn up near by. The little knot of people around that backloor of the theater were composed of some half-a-dozen of the young gentlemen who usually make themselves so conspicuous in the front of the house, and six or eight half-grown boys, the gods of the gallery, all intent upon

seeing the performers in their street-clothes.
Pushing his way boldly through the throng
Jemmison walked up to the door and entered the narrow passage-way which led into the interior of the building.

A bluff, hearty old fellow, in shirt-sleeves

guarded the entrance. "Is it possible to see Miss Desmond?" Jem

The doorkeeper surveyed the questioner for

"It's no use my taking your money, sir," the door-keeper said, honestly. "If I were to let you go inside, you would only be turned out by the first person you met, for they would detect in an instant that you were a stranger. It would cost me my situation, too, and without doing you any good. You couldn't see Miss Desmond even if you were inside. She's in the dressing-room, now, and after she is dressed she will go right home in her carriage.

"Is that her carriage standing outside?" Jemmison asked. Yes, sir."

"I am much obliged for the information."
"Not at all, sir," replied the door-keeper, civilly, and then Jemmison retired. Outside the door, he took up a position on the curbstone near the carriage, a little apart from the knot of loungers who were watching

The people concerned on the stage began to issue from the back-door, and depart for their

First came the scene-shifters and "fly-men" -the workmen who attend to the borders suspended over the stage, representing the sky drapery, etc; after them came the supernumera -the ambitious young gentlemen who seek in a lowly way, to gain some knowledge of the histrionic art; then the ladies of the corps de ballet, one by one and two by two, ill-payed and badly dressed, hurrying to their humble homes; then the prominent people, the actors and actresses, began to come forth; their dresses, being more elaborate, required more time for

Full twenty minutes Jemmison had waited and yet saw no signs of Miss Desmond, but the carriage still remained.

"As long as that stays I am safe to wait," the watcher reflected, as he noted the dark forms emerging from the door, one by one. "Naturally it will take her some time to dress; a half an hour is not too long a time to allow." And just as Jemmison had made up his mind that it would be fully ten minutes more before

that it would be fully ten minutes more before the woman would come for whom he waited, a bright, sharp-looking lad came out of the back-door, went up to the driver of the carriage and said something to him in a low tone, and then went back again into the theater. The man on the box of the carriage took up

his reins, whistled to his horse and drove off up the street.

Jemmison was somewhat astonished at this 'She will not use the carriage to-night then,'

he muttered; "that is strange. Can it be possible that she has discovered, in some way, tha I am here, and thus seeks to throw me off the scent? By Heaven! I am sure now that she is the woman; Ellen Desmond is Lina Aton!'
Then a sudden thought occurred to him. "Perhaps she has ordered the carriage round

to the front of the theater!" he exclaimed; "that is easily ascertained!" So, without loss of time, Jemmison hurried

round to Broadway.

Two or three carriages stood in front of the hotel and near to the entrance of the theater, but a single glance told Jemmison that the ve-hicle he sought was not among them; all were two-horse conches; the modest little one-horse

coups of the actress was not there.
"I am outwitted!" Jemmison muttered, as he stood in front of the now dark and desolate theater entrance; "but, the very precantion that she has taken to avoid me proves that my suspicion is correct. She is the woman that I think she is. The whole proceeding is strange; she must have discovered that I was in front of the house and anticipated that I would discover and lay in wait for her. I swore to her or that, if she ever played me false, I would kill her with as little mercy as though she was a snake coiled in my path with head apraised to strike. Perhaps she remembers my words and fears that I will attempt to make them good," and, as he spoke, Jemmison laughed bitterly to

His meditations were disturbed by the irruption of some half a dozen young men from the saloon attached to the hotel. They gathered on the pavement right in front of him, and Jemmison discovered that it was the same party who had sat in front of him in the thea-

It was plainly evident the young men had been drinking more strong liquor than was good for them, and that their weak heads were

now in a sad state.
"I am done for, Gus!" exclaimed one of them, who seemed to be a sort of leading spirit, and who was elaborately attired in a costume of which a light vellow overcoat and a red necktie were the leading features. "My goese is cooked!"

The tone of the gentleman with the red necktie was despairing in the extreme.

"But is it a sure 'nuff fact, Fred?' demanded another, who was endeavoring to steady himself by the aid of a cane about as big round

as a lead-pencil. You can bet stamps on it?" replied the first speaker, emphatically.

" Oh, I loved her and she might have been the happiest in the land, But she ran away with Bruyn the lawyer, who came with a German band, '"

howled the youth, discordantly and disconso-

The name of Bruyn attracted Jemmison's attention to the maudlin utterances of the devotees of fashion.
"Who saw her go, anyway?" asked another

of the party, who was holding up the bill-board in front of the saloon with the small of his back, and who, by this simple device was enabled to preserve a very upright carriage.
"I saw it, myself," said the red necktie gen-

"I came to the door here, after that first cocktail, while you fellers were chinnin' it inside, and I saw old Bruyn and Palmer talking together, and then Medham-that's Miss Des mond's agent you know-came out and joined them. I heard him say, 'Wait a minute, she's nearly dressed,' and then he went in again. gents, when I heard that, and saw that old thief of a lawyer waiting for the woman that I was willing to lavish all my salary on, I felt as if I would have liked to punch his head for him. I stood right here, gents, and saw the woman that I adore get into a carriage with Bruyn and Palmer, and that sneak of a business-agent who promised me an introduction to her, and saw em go off—heard old Bruyn tell the coachman to drive 'em to the Maison Doree."

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 196.)

A PARIS paper tells an amusing anecdote about Lafayette. At Lamarque's funeral the crowd took out the General's horses, as he was returning home, and drew him to his ho "You must have been very much pleas-

#### MY HUSBAND.

What man is this I must obey; Who, when I'd go, oft bids me stay, And to my Yes says ever Nay? My Husband! What one is this whose lordly soul
Is so impatient of control,
Lest his dear liberty be stole?

My Husband!

Who is it frowns when bills come in,
And swears it is a shameful sin—
Through me he'll soon be Ruin's twin?
My Husband!

When I feel cold, who sever warm, And thinks a draught can do no harm— Thus always causing me alarm? My Husband! And when my bones all ache with pain, For which some nostrum I obtain, Who calls me nothish, crazed, insane? My Husband!

Who is it thinks his angry brow Must flud an answering smile somehow, Temper in me he'll never allow? My Husband!

And yet, who is it I love so,
That if he bid me stay, not go,
I change my Yes to suit his No?
My Husband! What the 'ne frown when bills appear, Who bnys the best for me to wear, To please me well, his greatest care? My Husband 1

And when I'm sick, tho' he can't nurse, who's ever ready with his purse, And trembles lest I should grow worse?

My Husband! What though his anger sometimes rise— Who keeps me for his loving eyes, And shares with me both smiles and sighs? My Hueband!

Who such unsceptered power can wield, To which I fond submission yield, With his strong heart fore'er my shield? My Husband!

Who is my sovereign here on earth— Despite who-e faults, is fally worth. The fondest love that e'er had birth? My Hasband!

NADIA,

## RUSSIAN SPY

The Brothers of the Starry Cross. BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE SEA OAT," "BOCK RIDER," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XXVII.

THE OUTPOSTS.

THE English pickets were indeed passed and before the comrades lay a level plateau, about a quarter of a mile in breadth, bordered by precipitous ravines, a sort of isthmus, that connected the ground occupied by the Allies with the open country beyond the Tchernaya.

"Noo, Peesho," said the piper, in a low voice;

"ye ken we're in a bad place gin we coom across the Rooshiaus; and we'll coom on them pretty soon. Be ready to drap, mon. We'll be at the Tchernaya in anither half-hour. Ye ken it rins into the harbor."

" Tiens, mon brace," said Pichot, halting. Where are we going, and what are we to do? We are all free now.

"We're jist boond for the Rooshian peeckets, whatever they may be," said Sandy; "and once there we'll luke oot to tak' a pressoner that kens something. Peesho, ye ken we Hielanders are said to ha'e the geeft o' second sight —it's what yer Fronchers ca' clairoyance, ye ken—and I canna get it oot of my mind that I ha'e seen that bonny leddy ower here. I's awa' till I find her."

Pichot stopped his companion as he was "Monsieur McPherson," he said, gravely, " is to possible that you have come out here on a ancy like that?"

Sandy turned on him peevishly.
"Hoot awa', mon, ye want to ken ae thing a body kens. Weel, if ye maun ken, I ha'e grav reason to suspension that the bonny leddy's a Rooshian spy, and that she cams here ilka night.

I ha'e seen her. Noo, will ye gang wi' me?"
"I will," said the Zouave, reassured. Then the two plodded on through the dark ess over the neck of land, without meeting a soul, and finally stood on the edge of the steep descent that led down to the river Tchernaya. "Doon, mon, doon, and creep over the ridge like a snake," said Sandy, in a whisper. "Gin there's Rooshians here, they'll see us against

Both dropped on their faces, then crawled slowly to the edge of the declivity, and looked over. Below them, in a deep valley, the white gleam of water and the audible wash of the rrent showed where the river lay.

Both strained their eyes in vain to find any sign of human occupancy. The Tchernaya alley was empty.

By mutual consent both men crawled over

he edge and some little distance down the de clivity before they ventured to rise, and only then behind the shelter of a thicket. Then they stole cautiously down toward the

bridge that they knew crossed the river. A regular road ran down to it, and they crept autiously along in the ditch beside it, stopping to listen at every few steps.

Silent as every thing was, they were not fools enough to believe that the place was

herefore empty. The outposts of an army are not wont to

ake much noise. Presently they were in the ditch, at the side of the road next to the bridge; and, by stooping low down, brought the outline of the picturesque stone structure partly against the sky

The piper pinched the Zouave's arm and The dim outline of a Cossack on guard, with

his long spear upright in the air, occupied the summit of the arch. The vidette was looking straight before him, with the stolid air peculiar to the mechanical Russian soldier. He had cyidently neither

seen nor heard them.

Without a word Sandy and Pichot stole forward, still down the course of the side ditch, till they had put the abutments of the old stone bridge between them and the Cossack. oridge was an old single-arched affair, where the roadway in the center necessarily rose high above the extremities; and thus, on a dark night, a person by the abutments was quite out

In a minute more the Scot and the Zouave stood on the banks of the little river, under the arch itself, for the long dry season had lowered the water considerably.

They did not dare to speak now. It would not do to presume too far on the stolidity of the Cossack.

Sandy pointed across the stream, and Plchot nodded. The Scot was just about to wade in, when he heard the hoofs of a horse coming at a slow trot over the stony road at the other side. Instantly both halted and stole back to the edge of the abutment to listen.

The approaching horseman had roused the ossack. They could hear the tramp of his pony's feet as he wheeled around to confront the

ew-comer. "It's the sairgeant on his rounds, belike," said the piper, in a whisper. "Noo, gin we only understood the liugo, Peesho, we might find the countersign and walk in like gentlemen."

vedette was heard hailing, and the approaching norseman pulled up and answered.

The Cossack spoke again, and seemed to be repeating some directions to the other, for he Then the strange horseman called out, as he

"Curasho!" (All right.)
The Cossack on the bridge seemed to think

that it was by no means all right, however, for they could hear him shouting to the other in a warning tone, and at the same time came the ominous click of a pistol-lock.

The strange horseman, despite all, rode bold-ly down to the bridge, and then suddenly wheeled round and dashed into the river at the left of the bridge. Instantly, with a furious malediction, the Cossack dashed to the parapet of the bridge and fired his pistol at the other.

Sandy uttered a low exclamation of surprise He had recognized in the figure in the water the low bear-skin shake and hanging jacket of a French chasseur, for even in that darkness the scarlet trowsers were conspicuous.

"It's one of our ain officers, Peesho," he whispered, excitedly, "Belike he's been oot on the same errand as yersel', mon. We manns let the Rooshian kill him." The piper drew his revolver as he spoke, and

watched the figure of the Cossack on the

The officer in the water appeared not to have been hit, for he kept on his course across the stream without faltering, his horse being al-most swimming deep by this time.

The Cossack, swearing away in Russian, gal-loped around to the further bank of the river passing within four feet of the two crouching omrades without seeing them under the sha

dow of the abutment, and rode down to the water's edge to intercept the stranger.

Then Saudy and the Zouave rose, as if with one impulse, and suddenly rushed at the unwary vedette. In a single bound the athletic Highlander was alongside, as the Cossack halt-ed by the river. The next moment his sinewy arm was round the other's throat, and he bore him backward from the saddle in the scientific manner of a professional garroter. In the very action Pichot selzed him on the other side, and flourishing his sword bayonet ferociously, compelled silence from the astonished and terrified

man. "Cut his weasand gin he says a word," said the piper, rapidly, as he turned to watch the man in the river; "I'm curious to know wha yon gay callant may be."
In the middle of the stream the gayly-uni

formed horseman had halted, and now seemed undecided whether to advance or retreat. "I thocht as muckle," growled Sandy, sav-agely, as he eyed the other with great disgust.

"Yon's a spy, coming to rin oor guard as a French officer. Noo lat's see gin he wull."

The Highlander ran round, and in a twinkting was on the bridge and over the middle of the arch. He knew full well that there was danger, for the rest of the chain of vedettes must be near; but he was resolved to capture

this mysterious stranger, if possible.

Over the middle of the arch he leaned, pistol in hand, and spoke in a low voice

"Surrender, ye traitor tyke, or I'll riddle ye For answer the strange officer suddenly made his horse leap forward in the water, when he disappeared under the bridge. Just as he did it Sandy fired, and felt convinced that he had struck the horse, for he heard a great splashing

Then he also heard a distant shouting, and the swift gallop of a horse on the Russian side

"We has rousit the peeckets, onyway," he nuttered, as he turned discontentedly away; and gin I'm no muckle mista'en we'll so comething, noo."

He ran down the bridge to where he had left is comrade with the Cossack, and found that latter had already bound and gagged his victim with his own belts. Then, seeing that the man in the river had reached the Russian shore, the piper did not fire again, but turned nis attention to his own safety

Dealing the Cossack's docide popy a cut with the Cossack's own whip, that sent it galloping away, the two comrades scrambled up the bank into a thicket, just as the tramp of horses came

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE POLICE SPY.

THE village of Beloi Gorod was a representalive Russian village, in the midst of a dead flat, many miles in extent, surrounded by straggling forests of stinted pine trees, in the midst of which stood the village fields around the village

The houses were all long and low, with black thatched roofs, each in its own little garden, along the single street that composes the breathng space of the village, with a circular green in the center. A strong stockade ran round the whole place, so as to make it a complete fortification, not against man, but against the numerable wolves that infest all Russia.

Gorloff, in his disguise, drove in at the open gate of the village, and was welcomed with effusion by the hospitable peasants, who crowded round to buy of him, and to proffer the shelter hat was needed from the night fast approach ing. Gorloff played his part well; and after selling out a great part of his stock at prices that astonished the peasants from their cheap-ness, accepted the hospitality of the elder of

the village, old Michael Ivanovitch. In a short time he was ushered into the elder's house, the largest in the place, and fronting on the green. Old Michael had been the elder for twenty-five years, and was the richest peasant there. As elder, he enjoyed au-tocratic rule over the village, and Gorloff knew that he was the best person to get news out

As soon as the simple supper was over, the wodka (brandy) and pipes were produced; and host and guest drew up beside the roaring fire that conquered the cold outside.

"And now, friend peddler," said old Michael, when they had drunk a first glass, and lighted their pipes, "tell us of czar. Thou hast been around court. How does our czar ook? Is he sad on account of these heathen barbarians that desolate the lands of the Crimea? Hast thou seen our czar?"

The Russian peasant, it may be observed, has an intense reverence and affection for the czar, even if he has never seen him, and always

speaks of him in the familiar manner.
"Emperor" is to him a foreign title: "czar" is the czar who foves children, and whom they

love.
"Czar Nicolai reviewed his guard yesterday,
"Un looked well and glad said the peddler. "He looked well and glad; for his faithful soldiers have beaten the accursed English at Balaklava; and Sebastopol efies them.

The elder filled a horn of vodka and rose.
"God bless Ozar Nicolai, and death to the invaders," he said.

Then he and the peddler drank in silence.
The peddler, however, only appeared to drink.
In reality he spilt most of his liquor on the ground. Michael Ivanovitch finished his to the last drop, and took nearly half a pint of raw

In a moment more the hoarse voice of the brandy at that one swig. Thus it was no won- and they could not imagine what had become

der that his tongue loosened. "Thou art a royal peddler," he said, patron-izingly; "and I doubt not thou hast seen much in thy travels. Hast thou ever seen the czar on

Ay, have I," said the peddler, readily; "and that many a time. But I saw only to-day one who looks finer than even the czar himself when he is in his full dress."

'And who was that?" inquired the elder. "None other than the great Prince Gallitzin," said the peddler, in a tone of rapt enthusiasm. "There is a prince if you like! None of your new creations, but an old boyar, who draws his race from the time of the great Constantine. Michael Ivanovitch rose and poured out a se-cond horn of vodka. Then he said, with tears

"Friend peddler, thou art the finest fellow I ever met. Here is to our lord, Prince Gallitzin, and may he never see old age, but live forever with us!"

A second time the elder drained his horn, and when he sat down the peddler proceeded:
"What! Is he the lord of this village? In truth I did not know it. Does he ever come to

"Ay, does he," said Michael, proudly; "and that very often. Our lord, the prince, loves his children of Beloi Gorod, and comes—why, he was here to-day; you must have met him going

"Ay, I did," said the peddler, carelessly; but that was on the Moscow road. I knew not that he came from here. Why, what does he here?" Michael Ivanovitch hesitated, but he was by

this time very drunk, and correspondingly af-Friend peddler," he hiccoughed, " I love thee for thy looks and thy news. Swear to me that thou't never tell a soul of the news, and I'll tell thee. The prince comes here—"

He leaned over and whispered mysteriously:

"To talk to the devil in an empty church."
In spite of his skepticism, Gorloff started under his disguise, and ejaculated:
"Talk to the devil! How?"

Michael Ivanovitch shook his head with an air of great importance and mystery.

"The Gallitzins were always a wicked race," he said. "When Ivan the terrible was czar, there was but one man in all his kingdom that did not fear him. That was Nicolai Gallitzin, who used to burn his serfs alive, and made even the czar fear him. Our Alexis is a worthy son of the terrible Gallitzius. He can de any thing. Thou knowest, brother peddler, that when a church is deserted by God, the devils flock into it. Well, we have such a church, struck by lightning. No one of us would dare go near it, without the priest to help us, but Alexis Gallitzin stays there whole

days and nights at a time."

The peddler crossed himself piously. Then he filled both horns. "Let us drink confusion to the Black One," he said.

But Michael could not quite see the proprie-

ty of this. It was attacking, by implication, the family devil of the Gallitzins. "No, no," he said, wisely; "we had better not mention him, friend. He may be looking through the windows. But after all he is not so very bad, or the Gallitzin would not deal with him. that the prince would be afraid, were he ever so black Then let us drink to the czar," said the ped-

dler.

"Ay, ay, we'll do that."

The third half-pint finished Michael Ivano-

vitch, who was glad to stagger to bed. In twenty minutes after the whole village was sleep to all seeming.

The disguised minister rose up from the furs on which he had thrown himself, all dressed, like every one else. He listened to make sure that no one was awake, then went to the table and drained a half-pint of vodka, like so much vater, ere he set out on his search in the in ense Russian cold. Then he softly raised the latch and stole out into the street, at the other end of which he

nad noticed the broken tower of the old church. He passed the new one on his way, a simple

little structure of stone, with a pointed spire cased with shining green tiles. The old one was at the very end of the street, and thither went Gorloff. He could see that the roof was still good over the body of the church, but the ower was gone to ruin. He heard no one about in the village, and

therefore proceeded boldly to the front door of the church. It was only lightly fastened, and he opened t and looked in. To his surprise a light was

burning by the altar, in the way general to Greck and Roman churches. Gorloff slipped softly in and closed the door. Instead of the intense cold that prevailed with-

out, the atmosphere of the church was glowing This church is inhabited, and the superstitious fools have not dared to enter," thought

But, except for the heat, there was no mark of the presence of human beings within the The floor was perfectly bare, unbroken by

the rigid lines of pews that prevail in our Wes-tern churches, for, all through the East, the con-gregation stands or sits on the floor. The count stepped noiselessly to one side behind a pillar and looked around him. Rows of

dark pictures covered the walls, of which he could see nothing but the frames, for the sin-gle candle on the altar only rendered the darkness visible Gorloff remained in his position for several minutes, scanning every corner of the edifice, and expecting momentarily to see some figure

in motion start out. But as nothing came, after a while he ven-tured to steal forward to another pillar. Still there was no sound. A dead stillness prevailed in the church, so complete that the faint distant cry of the wolf on the plains came plainly to the ear. The spy looked all round to find out the source of the mysterious heat, but for

some time in vain.

At last, as he stole about on tiptoe, it forced itself on his notice by a blast of hot air which came from a large square hole at the foot of a

"Hot air! A furnace!" he muttered. was on the bridle, and Pichot covered the hus"Now there must be some one to attend to
that. Who can they be?"

was on the bridle, and Pichot covered the hussar with the Cossack's carbine, while the words
came out simultaneously:

### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COLUMN IN THE MIST. THE venturesome soldiers knelt down in the thicket, hidden from view themselves, but in full sight of the bridge. Pichot had carried off the Cossack's short musket and boxes, and proceeded with perfect deliberation to draw the closed over him.
rammer and sound the piece. He found it All that remain

loaded and capped.

With equal deliberation the Highland piper reloaded the empty chamber of his revolver, keeping a keen look-out on the bridge all the

Instead of him, they distinctly saw a strong

patrol of Cossacks come galloping down from the opposite hights to the bridge and halt there. Several of the party rode across the bridge, as if to search for the vedette, and clustered together in a group, while voices were heard in excited consultation on the possible meaning of the disturbance.

The two comrades, from their shelter in the thicket, heard every word. But alas, they could not understand one of them.

The Russians seemed to be disputing on the probable fate of the sentry, and hesitating whether to advance or retreat. At last a clear voice shouted out some order, and the men who had halted on the further side of the bridge trotted over to join their officer. About a dozen of the Cossacks then formed an open skirmish line, slung their lances, and the clicking of carbine locks was plainly heard in the

The skirmish line rode slowly up the hill, skirting the road on either side, as if to search

for a possible enemy.
"Stoop doon, mon," whispered the piper, as

the cowered closer into the brush.

The Zouave obeyed in silence, and the tramp and rustle of horsemen moving through the bushes came steadily on, and passed within twenty feet of them.

The left Cossack of the line might have even

ridden over them, had not his horse shied away from penetrating the dense scrubby thicket in which they lay; and the soldier, reining the animal to the left, rode round the edge of the copse, in a blissful state of unconsciousness of

As far as concerned his own safety it was well, for he was covered by the Zouave's piece at the moment he swerved, and another step would have brought the Frenchman's finger to

As it was, the beaters passed on up the hill without flushing the game, and the comrades breathed freely as they heard them in the distance grumbling to one another, in tones that expressed their amazement and displeasure.

In a quarter of an hour later they came riding down the hill again, to report to their com-mander, and the comrades had the satisfaction of hearing them depart.
But two fresh vedettes were left at the further side of the bridge, instead of at the summit of the arch, and the comrades came to the

conclusion that it was useless to try to peneconclusion that it was useless to try to pene-trate any further that night.

"We'll ha'e to gang back, Peesho," said the piper, in a low tone; "but gin I c'u'd lay my grip on that fause loon i' the hussar busby, I wad be content to stay here till morn."

"Ma foi, mon ami, I will stay, too," whisper-ed Pichot. "He have not crossed de riviere yet, and we can see him ven he come. Eh,

mon Ecossais, we will give him peppair."
Sandy chuckled, and settled himself down to watch. The corporal of Zouaves laid down on

the ground and kept his keen eyes roaming up and down the banks on the other side of the river; and for some time a dead silence was preserved Then a distant sound slowly grew upon the ear, which gradually resolved itself into the unmistakable rumble of heavy vehicles on a

Sandy started, "The Rooshians are movin', Peesho; you's

the rumble of guns. I tauld ye the Hieland second sicht wasna to be despised." Pichot made no answer; he was listening too Sure enough the sound they heard was the unmistakable rumble of guns over a hard road, and, moreover, it was coming straight toward

After a while they could hear above it the dull murmur of voices that accompanies the movement of marching men, and Pichot whis-

Mon ami, it is well we are here. It is one After that neither of them said a word. They were too much absorbed in listening and

They had a long time to wait, and the night grew colder and colder. A faint breeze came up from the Black Sea as the hours wore on, wafting dense clouds of mist up from the waters. The thick creeping fog came ourling in white wreaths up the valley, and gradually shrouded bridge and river in the thick vail. The rumble

of the distant artillery grew plainer and plainer, the murmur of the crowd of footmen more listinct, while the regular clatter of horses' feet in great numbers began to be plainly heard. As soon as the fog covered every thing, Sandy rose up. "Oome, Peesho," he said, dryly; "the de'ils

are coming this way, and it's unco likely they'll find us gin we stay. Let's gang doon acrass the river, and tak' a luke at them, and then Pichot quietly rose from his covert, and stole down the hill after his comrade, both keeping away from the bridge, where the unhappy Cos-

In a very little time they were at the water's edge, when both lay down and listened.
The rumble of guns had ceased, and the murmur had died away. But they knew the reason of that without asking. Marching troops are wont to halt

sack still lay in the grass, bound and gagge

every hour for a few minutes, and this silence only portended a halt. Sandy and the Zouave, without hesitation, waded into the river, resolved to cross to the

Russian side, favored by the fog.

In three steps they were waist deep, in another they would have had to swim, when Pichot grasped his companion's arm forcibly and pointed up the river. Not ten feet from them, the figure of a mounted hussar, with the fur busby and hang-

ing jacket they had seen before that night, loomed up through the white mist, as the horse slowly and staggeringly labored toward The animal seemed to be weak, although it was only up to the girths in water, for the two footmen had time to wade back, dart along the

bank, and intercept him, before the horse scrambled on dry land.

Then the iron hand of Sandy McPherson

Rendez-vous, coquin! "Surrender, ye scoonril, or I'se blaw the sconce aff yer heid!"

The strange officer started back in the saddle, and uttered a low shriek of dismay, in a voice almost like that of a girl; then, ere either could divine his intention, he was out of

derless charger, whose staggering frame an-nounced that the piper's first shot had taken effect in a severe wound. Sandy attered a Gaelic curse, threw his pistol to Pichot, and leaped into the river after

All that remained to the comrades was a ri-

he disappearing hussar, just as the other rose to the surface.

(To be continued commenced in No. 192.)

ed," remarked a friend, some time afterward.
"Very much pleased indeed," replied Lafayette; "but I never saw any thing more of



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## Our Arm-Chair.

"Philosophy."-The assumptions of learning are sometimes very ridiculous. Give a person a smattering of what is denominated "Specula tive Philosophy" and then hear him talk! As for instance, a man who considers himself some on the sciences, "orates" on the relative difference between reason, nature and spirit:

"Thought, or Reason, is the implicit or in-Itself of Nature; or, if one chooses, Nature is the explicit or Outof-Itself of Thought; for the Universal is just this In ward-and-Outward, and as much one as the other Thought, then, is existence in-itself, Nature is existence for-itself, or objectivated to Thought, and Spirit is the whole truth of existence, at once in itself and for itself."

A correspondent who sends us this, asks: "Is it sense or nonsense?" and adds: "I've puzzled my head over it, and I'll be hanged if I can see through it." It is the veriest twaddle-the merest blather. What the verbal pettifogger means is that reason or thought is the power to interpret or understand nature, and that there can be no existence without thought-a proposition just as tenable and philosophical as this:

"Am I or am I not? If I am, I am what I am; if I am not, what am I?"

The Scotchman's definition of metaphysics (or speculative philosophy) holds good throughout the world. He says:

4 When the folks wha listen dinna ken the meaning of what they hear, and when the mon wha speaks dinna ken what he means his ain sel'-that's meetafissicks."

Chat The News, Kellogg, Iowa, compliment ing Mr. Aiken's Gentleman George, now running through our columns, justly characterizing it a "a splendid serial," remarks: "The Sarunnay Journal is one of the best weekly papers now published. Its stories and sketches are from the peas of the best authors of the day, and are of such a high-toned and moral character as to be read by the most fastidious."

While we do not especially oater for the fasti dious and hypercritical in the matter of fletion it is agreeable to know that we do please the most exacting. There now is so much trash and bad sentiment published under the guise of the " popu lar novel" that parents are fully justified in having a watchful eye over the literature that enters their homes. We aim to reach the highest stand ard of the strictly popular story-brilliant, strong and impressive; and yet we exclude in character, incident or sentiment any thing that can possibly pander to a vulgar or a questionable taste. Fic tion to be good must be healthy; inspiriting to the spirits, delighting to the sentiments and sugges tive in its moral. Our writers all understand our views on this point: hence the almost invariable success of their productions.

-We receive occasionally a real boy's letter, as for instance:

"Deer Ser. I want to grow up big an stronng fur to make a man like mi unckel bob he is lame and hasent got but one cy but heese a bully skatur an goes to church on a hors nobody can ride an he has a gun an a bottell of hair grower, so what wood you do ser if you was me to make a big man!

Now, some of our readers may laugh at this and call our little correspondent a small goose; but, don't be too sure of that, for the time was when you yourself was "just such another." The desire of boys to be big is just as natural as for yeast to rise. It is the incipient manhood asserting itself, and betrays, too, an ambition to be somebody-to make a stir-to do something. boy who don't want to excel his uncle Bob won't amount to much. He may be the good little saint who never is in anybody's way, and never doe any thing wrong, but that boy is as sure to grow up a "spooney" and die an early death as a sick lamb is sure to make cheap mutton. Give us the boy who envies uncle Bob his horse and hair grease! We cared so much for this letter that we wrote its author a "real, post-office reply."

-We by no means believe in costly present making among the young folks. A few years ago a present that cost two or three dollars was considered as quite expensive enough, but what is thought nowadays of a gift that costs no more! The extravagance of our desires has kept in front of the extravagance of our actual expenses, and a young man who can not give a very fine thing don't want to give at all. It has come to be "not the proper" to offer an inexpensive present. It must taste of gold to have any estimable value. The gift used to be esteemed for the motive which prompted it; now it is esteemed for its intrinsic moneyworth. This makes present-giving a very expensive matter, and to young men working on salaries it is a grievous burden. For such, there is but one course to pursue-to avoid the giving. If assured that the modest gift will be well received, make the modest gift as a token of your regard or good feeling; but, if you are not assured that such a present would be valued for the giver's BRAINS VS. MONEY.

WHEN I see old people, or, in fact, middle-aged people, with but little education, I feel sorry for them and do not blame them, because, when I consider they had not the advantage ve now possess, I am well aware it is not their fault so much as it is their misfortune; but I do blame them for allowing those growing up around them, and whom they have the charge of, to neglect acquiring an education when they can. You may say that "the youngsters don't want to go to school, and why should we urge them too much to do so?" That's all stuff and nonsense. Do we, any of us, want to do what we are obliged to do? If you took more interest in the school yourself, in the teacher's labors, and in the studies which the young people pursued, they would be more willing to go, but, if you don't care how they progress, why should they?

You haven't time, ch? Then, my dear sir

and madam, it is high time you made it. When those youngsters were toddling about on the floor you found time enough to see that they didn't fall and make their eyes red, or break their precious noses, and it is just as essential to train up a lad in educational paths as it is to

teach the baby to walk. I have known of a man who valued money more than brains, and who would rather see his son work out day after day, instead of nis son work out day after day, instead of going through college, as he was studiously endeavoring to do—actually considered greenbacks far preferable to education! I wish I had the charge of such a person. I'd just condemn him to punishment, and of no light sort, either. He should be confined in a solitary room and have twenty organs droning away at some doleful melody until he came out, a repentant sinner.

Sometimes it does seem to me as if money was thought of more than any thing else, and as if brains were of no account whatever. I leard a man once decline to attend a lecture because it cost money to do so, and he boasted that he had never laid out more than twelve and a half cents for any amusement. Perhaps f he had, he'd have been much wiser. He ac tually seemed to imagine his abstinence was something to be commented upon as a good leed. I put him down as an old fossil. had gone to the lecture that night he would have gained more information in those few hours than he ever did in all his life. And I

"But not have got any money," he replied. He would; for the lecture pointed out many ways of making money in an honest and legiti-

mate way.

Get education, knowledge and information and it will not be so very hard to get money, i

you are so crazy to obtain it. Money-bags may give you gold, and some thief may steal it all from you. Mr. Teacher may give you an education, and who can wrest that from you? Who would wish to grow up, or allow others to grow up, in ignorance who the advantages of education are so cheap? I your schools are too far off let home education be the rule, and, if you have no one at home to

teach you, educate yourself!

If you knew that by sending your children a couple of miles every day they would be sure to bring home a nugget of gold, you would wil-lingly let them go and be able to spare them, but do you find yourselves as willing to dis-pense with their services, or think it not too far for them to go to school, to gain a far high er treasure? Notice the lives of some of the most remarkable men of ancient or modern times! Because they had no advantage of learning when young, did they consider it as an excuse for not gaining an education when they grew older? No, indeed, they didn't! nor has any one, to-day, such an excuse. If people would strive as hard to increase their stock of brains as they do their pile of money they'd be much happier and far better. When such a good day as that dawns I shall believe the world is advancing, and one less subject will not weigh so heavily on the mind of EVE LAWLESS.

### WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Two great questions have agitated the people, what shall we eat, and what shall we wear?—and now the third, not less important, arises, what shall we read?

The mind must be fed as well as the body we must clothe ourselves with graceful thought as well as with neat and becoming garments. We must plant good seed if we would have good fruit; we must read good books if we would be pure of heart and liberal of purpose. It would be a great mistake to narrow life to our own individual views, to confine to our own particular limit. Other people may not be wasting precious time though they do not fall in with our ideas and walk in our tracks. takes all kinds of people to make up a world, and the world moves in accordance with the

enlightenment of the age. Only a small portion of humanity can be scholars. Few plunge into deep researches and master occult sciences. The greater mass is very properly made up of bone and sinew, muscle and nerve, the practical powers which build up our machinery, which lay our railway-tracks, which build our ships, which guide the plow and sow the seed and gather the harvest with which the world is fed. would be folly to give the workman who toils with his hands and tires his body for six days of the week, an abstruse work to ponder over His brain is not active. His ingenuity lies in his fingers, not his mental attributes. He reads to amuse, to keep himself informed of the important news of the day, to know what the time is bringing forth. The weekly paper is a much a necessity to him as is the literary jour nal to his wife, whose thoughts follow the for tunes of a heroine through long chapters while she makes and mends, scrubs and washes, cooks and clears away, with the thrift which must make one dollar fill the place of two. Through the wear and tear of the hard life every stray sunshine should be carefully gleaned

every bright fancy prove the comfort which is lacking in more substantial things.

The merchant, the tradesman, the whole business world, must have their daily news. their morning and evening papers, their mar ket reports, their trade exchanges. Their literary merit, not merely solid works, not dull tomes, but standard works of fiction, fair sentiment in poetry, interesting biographics. ment in poetry, interesting biographies and books of travel, the chief works of history, with magazines and papers of the better class for daily and hourly association. Authors who are like dear friends we love, whose utterances waken a thrill in our hearts, whose natural pens depict the life we know, who

in our homes. Tastes are widely diversified, but in this day of demand the supply equals it. Our popular weeklies cater for all tastes and one or more them should find a place in every home At least one good magazine should furnish more solid instructive matter in entertaining

often fails.

Parents are anxious over this question of what their children shall read, and in stickling for morality are too often apt to go to the ex-treme of puerile sentiment. The younger people want amusement. So let the home reading be attractive; the whole home-life inviting, or outside pleasures and vices will find no resistance to their allurements. If it only were better understood how much good books and good music, pleasant surroundings and parents' sympathy, have to do with the road over which young people travel, more attention would be paid to all these things, fewer young men would drift naturally to clubrooms and saloons, fewer girls be crusted in by worldly selfishness, fewer couples on the down-hill of life find themselves more desolate than if children had never been born to them. J. D. B.

#### A GOOD ARTICLE.

THAT is what everybody wants in this world; that is what everybody has to sell—of course. Suppose we ask a tradesman if an article is good, if he is a wide-awake man, up to the times and quick at his business, he will, in nine cases out of ten, reply that he keeps nothing "No bad articles here, sir;" and really he will regard the question as a sort of an asper-sion upon the character of his store.

That's just the idea when a man opens store—he opens it to sell good articles. It isn't really necessary for him to say so, because the very fact of opening his store states the fact

What would we think of a man who should open a place of business and hang out a big sign: "No good articles sold here!" wouldn't we naturally take the owner of the aforesaid store to be a little cracked in the upper story; to have a "bee in his bonnet," as the Scotch saying has it?

Of course we should! Therefore it is quite plain that when a man takes down his shutters, throws open the doors of his store, and invites us to walk in, he tacitly informs us that if we buy any thing there it

will be a good article.

And not only does the rule hold good with the storekeeper, but with the mechanic and artist, and the professional man. The doctor when he displays his sign; the lawyer when he displays his "shingle," both imply that if you apply you will receive a good article-good

nedical advice, good legal counsel, etc.
The builder, the blacksmith, the plumber, the painter, in fact, the men of all trades, all guarantee a good article to their customers when they solicit their custom, even if they do noth ing but affix a sign to the "outward walls" of

their respective shops.

Even the newspapers, arbitrary and inde bendent as are a great many of them, are no exception to the rule.

The folded sheet, as it stares you in the face from the newsman's counter, is a full contract that it shall prove to be a good article, else it | could find it afterward. would have no excuse for its being, no excuse for the deftly arranged appearance which persuades you to purchase.

Now, we come right down to the "bed-rock,' furnish a bad one?

We don't really think that any one will attempt to argue that it does, yet a great many argue that way in actual practice.

Do we ever employ the carpenter a second time who botches his first job? Do we buy bad coffee twice from the same man? Do we buy a second issue of a newspaper that dis-

We think not "if the court knows itself." Therefore the rule is plain, keep the implied agreement and furnish a good article. Look to it ve storekeepers! Treasure the counsel as the apple of your eye, oh, doctor, lawyer, editor, or mechanic ! Hold to it, artist and author! Nev er furnish a bad article, either of work or goods and the way to prosperity is assured THE DEACON.

### THE DRAMA.

WHEN man is tired, he needs recreation and enjoyment: he needs something that, for ime, will wean him from his cares, and miti gate his troubles and anxieties. In witnessing in entertainment that is pleasing, he will forget that life looked so weary and sad to him, and he will return home with a more cheerful heart and a better countenance.

The drama has done many a good deed de spite its calumniations. In the representation of tragedy we see how much worse the woes o others are than our own-how many more trials they have; perhaps we see how nobly and courageously the hero bears his burden, and we naturally feel that ours are the lighter. To see another's suffering often mitigates our own we can perceive that all the trials are not given to us, that others have their share. When the drama has removed selfishness from us, has i not done some good?

The moral of all worthy dramas is to punish vice and reward virtue; to show, as in real life that if wickedness flourishes for a time, it wil come to a miserable end at last; the de the noble are applauded, while those of the de praved and wicked are held up to scorn and de rision. In its way the drama teaches us many sermon without being tedious, prosy or dr

In Shakespearian, and tragedies of a simila stamp, one learns a deal of manners of the an cient time, and acquires an immense deal historical knowledge that we have not the time nor patience to glean from ponderous tomes If it instructs us, has not the drama done much

Supposing the comedies and farces are some what flavored with the ridiculous, is it not the same with real life? Are not many of the actions of those with whom we come in contact as ridiculous?

Because a clergyman acts contrary to his Maker's will, is that a reason for us to despise all religion, or scoff at all clergymen? one couple do not lead a happy wedded life, is that any reason that we should decry matrimo-

Without the drama—the drama in all its purity we mean—the world would be more wicked nd depraved than it is now. The stage gives employment to thousands who would have no thing to do, and so be a clog upon humanity it gives benefits to charitable objects and makes charitable institutions the recipients of a great carry our sympathies from first to last, whom amount of money which they would languish we take up with delight and lay down with a and die without; and, when we take all these sigh—these are the ones to find the first place things into consideration, has not the drama done its share of good?

### LIFE LENGTHENED.

CULTIVATE an equable temper; many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion. sake, spare your pride and your purse by not form. New books should come from time to thing between means.

South time, books of good healthy tone, lively and Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon sought. Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and no-

spirited, and here it is where discrimination so as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in often fails. before noon.

Work always by the day, and not by the Stop working before you are very much tired

-before you are "fagged out." Cultivate a generous and an accommodating

Never cross a bridge before you come to it; this will save half the troubles of life. Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty. Let your appetites always come uninvited. Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the

one in which you have been exercising; simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness, and save millions of lives every year. Never resist a call of nature for a single mo-

Never allow yourself to be chilled "through and through;" it is this which destroys so many every year in a few days' sickness, from pneumonia, called, by some, lung fever or in-flammation of the lungs.

Whoever drinks no liquids at meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks the former are most pernicious; drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment; and it is excess in eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.

After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary persons after forty, should eat but twice a day, in the morning and about four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to a seven hours' interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest, for every organ without adequate rest will "give out prematurely.—Hall's Journal of Health.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### Relics and Curiosities.

I HAVE lately been adding a great many relics and curiosities to my already extensive col-The additions are extremely rare and inter-

I have succeeded, at great expense, in getting the skull of the celebrated Indian chief, Red Jacket, which is very rare; there are but three

others known to be in existence. You will also see a Havana cigar which was entirely smoked up by the President until there was nothing left of it to throw away. I purchased it at an enormous outlay.

You will also see a veritable war-whoop of the renowned Tecumseh, with which he used to hoop up his enemies; it is ten feet through. I have also obtained the very first poem that Shakspeare never wrote-exceedingly fine; also the chair on which he never sat and wore it

nearly out A piece of Demosthenes' voice found among the ruins of Athens, where he lost it and never

A small piece of a big difference; this must be seen to be appreciated fully.

A quarter section of one of Napoleon Bona-

parte's broken promises. as a Californian would say. Do we always get a good article? Does it pay the dealer, be he storekeeper, professional man or mechanic, to the stubbornest thing that was driven into it.

The boot-jack of Cicero.

A small shock of the first electric battery. The doorway of the mill in which Napoleon ground his teeth when he found that all was

A very large box-full of the emptiness that lately filled the vaults of a down-town bank.

The whole of a half of a quarter of a dollar

The little ax with which Washington didn't cut the apple tree; very historical.

A part of a piece of a Sabbath which I broke

A bottle of sunbeams taken from the room where Milton wrote; into which they had fal-

en and were swept up with a broom. A fine string of the Harp of a thousand strings, full of broken harmony, and halves of

When Alexander the Great was a boy, he used to get his father's pipe and blow bubbles: it will be interesting to the world to know that I have several of them, they having been hand-

ed down, very carefully, from generation to One small bolt of lightning, containing sev-

eral yards, which Franklin caught. The pearl which Cleopatra dissolved in the vine-cup: the only true one extant.

Another interesting relic is a part of the hadow of Tamerlane, in a remarkably good tate of preservation. You will also see a double-barreled shot-gun

which Hector would have given fifty dollars for at the siege of Troy, if he could have obained it. The chair upon which Robert Morris sat

when he stood up to sign the Declaration of Independence. One fine specimen of the measles caught by Frederick the Great, when a boy, after a hard

A few strokes of the Duke of Wellington's pen; also, a few strokes of the first licking he ever got.

in from the sea, and a crack in the wall from his castle in the air. The armor taken from Ten knights in a Bar-

A sail from the poet's ship that never came

The blade of the scythe of Time, with edge ravelled. A few leaves from Moore's Last Rose of Summer, dried. One of the rarest relics is a shoe which

Julius Cæsar ought have had when he went parefooted Half a dozen buttons, and the velvet collar of Richard the Third's coat-of-arms.

Two or three of the last sighs of the Moor. The sword of Damocles. A small piece of the mind of Socrates' wife hich she gave him.

A boot made on the last of the Mohegans A few fect of the post mortem.

The lie which George Washington couldn't tell; the bottle of whisky which he never

drank, and a good impression of his character. I have agents out all over the world gathering up relics of great men, such as tooth-brushes, tooth picks, fine combs, boot-straps, occasionally a good coat, and sometimes a little money when they can get it, and silver spoons. I am bound to make this collection complete, and shall do my very best to feel proud over it. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

WISDOM without innocence is knavery; innocence without wisdom is foolery; be, therefore, as wise as serpents and innocent as doves. The subtlety of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove; the innocency of the dove corrects the subtlety of the serpent. What God has joined together let no man se parate. No man is born wise, but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master. clouds may drop down titles and estates: wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be

### Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS. -No MSS. resolved that are not To Correspondence and Authors.—No MSS received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. proserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the sistoner, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are or under or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit of financia mond, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a deal. merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a chest.

Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to estior and compaation, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its following a number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of meri. Many

MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writters will find use ever ready to give their offerings early situation.—

Correspondents must look to this column for all informatics is regard to

We must decline, for various reasons, the following contributions, viz.: "Then and Now;" the three "That Papers;" "Kangaroo Bill;" "A Clease after a Belle Prize of Pain;" "A Son's Mistake;" "Miss John Bet;" "The Lone, Lone Way;" "Oh. Give Me Back;" "The Gambler's Revenge;" "A Very Hard Boy;" "In the Vixen;" "A Merry Christmas over the Left; "Said Me, No!" Such are returned as had samps included.

We place on the accepted list: "The Promise to the Dead;" "Thought Birds;" "Vain Hopes;" "Manhood came Between;" "Buried Treasures;" "The Masquerade;" "A Day in a Tree;" "The Trapper's Big Shot;" "A Cruise after a Bubble;" "Stories that Never come True;" "An Odd Button."

Correspondents will save both themselves and the editor much trouble by inclosing stamps for the re-turn of rejected contributions. D. B. D. Answered your query in a late issue.

E. F. Ho. No stamps inclosed. We do not want the ketches referred to. W. H. P. Send to D. Van Nostrand, Military Book Publisher, New York city, for his catalogue.

M. J. M. can deface or scar, or burn his national cur-DAVIS. Attend the Columbia College department of Mining and Engineering.

R. G. K. All Purser's Clerks must be good accentents and ought to be well-versed in French and Spanish. Pursers have the at pointment of their own assistant. No medical examination necessary.

MECHANO. Your most proper medicine is a purity vegetable diet. Eat of corn meal, cracked wheat and barley porridge at least once a day and your trouble will soon pass away. The tooth-wash you refer to is simply a liquid soap. Use very little of such stuff on the teels. Districts. The best scalp-wash is bayrum. A thing-filluted alcohol is also good. A preparation of powdered worax added to the solution of alcohol will cleanse the cealp. The hair, after such application, must be washed in cold water. A dry scalp is the cause of the hair fal-

H. T. O. There is no such office as midshipman engi neer. The naval engineer corps is chief (ngineer; is, 2d and 3d assistant. All must pass through a close examination for the lowest position, and pass to the others by gradual promotion. Engineers do not have to pass through the U.S. Naval Academy. We would not recommend you to leave a good position for the haphazards of a naval life.

MRS. B. R. We know that the lady you make has a "large reputation," but for all that we could not be per-maded to use her stories. They are, according to our apprehension, dawnerous reading for the young. When it is understood that that is the character of her writings her popularity will vanish. A. P. G. asks, "What is the real value of the chro-

nos which the papers, religious or otherwise, offer as premiums?" About fifteen cents. We know these papers, religious and otherwise, "talk of two-three-five dollars as the store value of their be-puffed "triumph of art," but we still say fifteen cents. art," but we still say futeen cents.

J. Edgar C. It is only possible to "enter the may" through the Annapolis Naval Academy. Put in your application at the Navy Department, Washington, backed up by the recommendation of the Congressman from your district. The applications are many and the appointments few. You must be not over seventeen year of age and perfectly sound in mind, body and health.

TILE-FLOOR. Drop a little sulphuric acid in water; then bush the tile with this and hold it by the fire used the stain "rets." This will be a permanent black. Only be careful not to use too much of the acid.

Only be carein not to bee too mach of the acid.

Fiddlespick. Catght is not the intestine of a cat, nor do "Italian Strings" imply Italian cat viscera. In the beginning of stringed instruments cats may have supplied the \*eccessry strings, but for many years sheep intestines have served the world for fiddle strings. As the Italian sheep are the leanest of those accessible to market, and as the membranes of lean animals are known to be tougher than those of animals in high condition, the best catgut has come from Naples and that vicinity.

K. T. B. John C. Heenan died of consumption, brought on by overtraining, in the great Tom Sayers' fight. For this "mill," he railed from this country, along with a great crowd of friends and backers, January 4th, 1860—the "articles" for meeting between the "champions" having been signed Dec. 15, 1859. Further arrangements were made, and March 17 both were in active training. Sayers was mudisturbed, but Heenan n active training. Sayers was undisturbed, but Heeman was forced to move from place to place, and once arrested, it is said, at the instigation of his opponent's backers. The fight came off at Farneborough, Tuesday, April 17, 1800. A special train of thirty-six cars ran out from London, laden with passengers "to Nowhere and back," as the place was kept a profound secret.

back," as the place was kept a profound secret.

ABLIAH S. The Mennonites' sect started in Holland at the beginning of the 17th century, the name being adopted from that of its funder, Menno Simaris. From Helland the sect spread to almost all quarters of Europe. They are an orderly and industrious people, and, although possessed of some peculiar beliefs and convictions, make excellent citizens. Among their opinions it may be mentioned that they are opposed, like other Quakers, to ouths and to war, and also to capital punishment, and discourage, as also do the Quakers, the marriage of their members to persons who are not Meanonites.

MRS. H. S., Avon. The religion of the Kaffirs is ce-tainly not a ridiculous one, for they believe in a Suprema Being and a inture state, where the good will be reward-ed and the wicked punished; but they also believe the world had no beginning and will have no end.

J. Morris. The cultivation of poppies is fatal to all bees in the vicinity of the poppy-fields, for those industrious little winged workers are so fuscinated with the flowers as to neglect their duties, lay up no honey, and perish. Rats also are lond of inhaling the fumes of the poppy when it is being bottled to make into opium.

poppy when it is being boiled to make into opinm.

L. K. In the census statistics the occupations of wemen are named under seventy-two heads, "domestic servants" being the most numerous, and "farm-laborers" next; then "seamstresses," and next "school-teachers." A large number of preachers, doctors, shoemakers, journalists, authors, and nurses; then come a bundred showwomen, five steam-boiler makers, four bell-founders, two hunters and trappers, with a few hostlers, miners, charcoal-burners and mechanics. Who will say the women of our land are not useful co-laborers in the work of men? OFFICE-Boy. Germany boasts of a double postal-car that is, the recipient scribbles an answer upon the cal handed to him, hands it, redirected, to the postman, and it returns to the first sender free of extra charge.

Dora D.—. Vail-pins of Roman gold, cunningly wrought into whips, with the lash wound round the hade, and umbrellas folded and buckled, are v...y fashionable; also jet and vulcanite, in various shapes and designs, are much worn. STAGE-GORE. Rachel died of consumption on the M f January, 1888, in the thirty-seventh year of her againd was buried in the Israelite division of the cemeter of Pere la Chause, Paris.

of Pere la Chaise, Paris.

MARY MYERS. It is often supposed by persons use quainted with gardening, if you plant the seed of a full tree, you will obtain a similar fruit; but such is not be case, as experience shows that you can plant the stone of some delicious cherry, and when it bears the fruit will be sour and dry, the skin scarcely covering the pit. The only remedy is gratting or bucding, for by this process the black cherry can be made to bear Montmorency cherries, prunes, apricots, and even peaches.

S. R. G. The Mount Cenis railway was formally opened September 17th, 1871. It is eight miles long and rises on the French side from 3,965 leet, 104,375 above the level of the sea, and on the Italian side its slope is 4,334 feet above the sea.

John Hamin. Pepper was introduced into this country only a century ago, as was also the nating and belove. The individual who transferred these spice from Asia to America, bore the name of Poyre. Point is the French name for pepper, and many suppose by ave his own name to the article. LAPIDARY. The most celebrated mosaic manufactor in the world is within the Vatican Palace. Roman saic is formed of tiny bits of opaque-colored glass of wo one hues, amounting to the almost incredible number of the part of the same of

saic is formed of they bits of opaque-confee gases of our hues, smounting to the almost increable names 30,000 distinct shades. They are arranged so as to be pictures perfect in every detail. The various plece glass are placed in order on a vase covered with a sor coment, there being often many thousand pieces in picture, and the surface, after the cement hardens, smoothed and polished.

Housewife. Common Soda will be found an exce lent article for cleaning tinware. Wet z cloth and din in the soda, and rub the ware briskly, after which will dry. Any blackened or dirty tin can be made to lead like new by so cleaning.

MAUD MURRAY. Your white curtains can readily timed a beautiful rose color, by magenta dissolved water: a shilling a worth of magenta powder, is said cient to color three pair of large curtains, and when it tint fades it can be easily renewed by a second wash the cellule.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Almost twelve. Time, the sentinel.

"Who goes there through darkness drear
With stealthy, fleeting footstep? Halt!
Countersign?" "Passing," "Name?" "Old Year."

What burden, irlend?" Events!
Packages of memory; bales of thought;
Gleans of Beulah; Marab-draughts;
Life's sun; Death's shade; joy with grief fraught;

"Pictures of want; paintings of wear;
Sigly, heart-born for direct wees;
Smiles, heartfelt for wealth of bliss;
Regret of friends; revenge of foes;
Orime conquered; keenest, deep remoree
For dealthless acts, scorned, then performed;
Grand temptations overcome,
The heart by Love's vast legious stormed.

"Wallings of life, faint, new-born;
Shrickings of souls, never to cease;
Prayers for pardon; mercy dealt;
Boughs of cypress, palms of peace,"
"Art leaving raught, old sire, for us?"
"Hist! look ye down this sunlit slope;
Doet see that brightly glimmering light!
I leave this dower; the Star of Hope!"

Twelve o'clock. The Old Year's gone!
Like some sweat wandering walf from Heaven,
The young New Year is ushered in;
Life born of death; links formed then riven.
Welcome! Thou bringest pages blank!
Let, names and deads be perfect there;
Accept the Old Year's egacy
With thankful, carnest, constant prayer.

WILMA WILDE,

## The Doctor's Ward: THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON. AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ACRIA, THE ADOPTED,"
"THE CRECLE WIPE," "STRANGE, NWED," "CECIL'S
DECETT," "MADAHE DURAND'S FOTEGES,"
"THE PALSE WIDOW," ETG., ETC.

> CHAPTER XX. NEW DUTIES.

"Typnoid in its most malignant form," was the report which came back from the village the report which came back from the village to Miss Eric that same night after Eric had left her. "Three of the little Biffind down with it, and my hands full there," was the message Prudence sent. "Symptoms alrong in two other homes, and the woman in the Lee cottage in a bad way. Look up medicines and comforts and catables; Pil not come back to the house while the infection is spreading."

Prudence was never more in her element than at such an emergency. An excellent

than at such an emergency. An excellent nurse and a cleanly housekeeper, she was sure to find sufficient opportunity for the exercise of all her energies in both directions at the cot-tages. They were a low and stubbornly ig-norant class, for the most part, those people whom Miss Erle had taken under the wing of her protection. The village was one of those rare, shut-in nooks where generations of the same people have lived and died, run in the same groove, married and intermarried and isolated themselves from other humanity, until they had lost the finest and best of human impulses in themselves. Such places do exist even in our fair, free land-lingerings of the barbarous which reflect all the more brightly by way of contrast the glorious advancement which is the rule and not the exception of the thousands upon thousands of growing villages, and prosperous cities and towns, and teeming fields of our own America. But this benighted village had been left to itself for whole genera-tions. Its population so closely associated that it was almost in reality composed of one widereaching family; almost every household was related to almost every other household by ties of either blood or marriage, until a chance new-comer to the place was a matter not only of wonder and comment, but of jealousy and resentment as well. An outside interest had reached them for the first time in generations, when Miss Erle undertook to better their condition, to encourage improvement, and to widen this limited sphere into which they had shut themselves, as it were, away from the sunshine of prosperous contentment which has placed even our humblest homes at the head of all their like in all the world. Miss Erle's philanthropy was not well received. The people were inclined to resent as intrusive the manner in which she was in the habit of storming their domicils, inveighing against the remissness she detected at every turn, distributing advice, reproof, sermons, and more welcome worldly gifts, as Erle had laughingly remarked, with impartial liberality-had resented at first; but, as time passed and she continued faithful to her self-constituted duties, as they recognized something of her true good-heartedness and real interest in their welfare, and reaped the advantages of her generosity, they grew more tolerant of her visitations, and began to display some thankfulness

But, after years of faithful adherence to her course, the people as a mass were unregenerate and stiff-necked almost as their predecessors, and any but Miss Erle must have grown dis-

been received.

here and there where the greatest favors had

heartened long before this. The evil tidings aroused her as perhaps no thing else would have done, just then. She could bury thoughts of self with this danger threatening "her poor." She lost no time in busying herself, handing fresh linen out of the closets, weighing packages from her well-filled store-room, diving into odorous pantries where dried herbs and roots and barks were ranged on shelves or hung in great bunches, half for getting her own disappointment in the activity

"Tell Prudence I shall be down with fresh supplies myself, in the morning," she said to her messenger. "Have some one go for Dr. Joy, if he has not yet been sent for. There'll be some one needed to stay with the woman in the Lee cottage; get one of them down there for to-night, and we will see to having a regu-

lar nurse installed to-morrow." The woman in the Lee cottage was one of those few exceptions coming latterly into the village. A quiet, respectable person, past middle age, who cultivated her little garden-plot, made the best of the products of her single cow, which pastured with others of the villagers upon broken waste land about, and from her little poultry-yard, and proved herself neat and industrious and thrifty to a degree which gained her no good-will from her already resentful neighbors. She proved by far too convenient a reference, too admirable a model to be held up for their patterning, and the people had hinted among themselves "that for all her sanctified ways she mightn't be so much better than them of the rest which large families to drudge for, let alone scrubbing and scouring every day of the week." There was some hesitation, now, be-

remain with her during the night. "An ungrateful set!" cried Miss Erle, hotly sindness as no favor and break over a hair at one. A thriftless, unregenerate set; bring upon themselves.

fore one of the village women volunteered to

her mission; but now, as before, her annoyance passed, and she was soon actively planning again for their comfort and advantage.

She was sitting over her late breakfast, next morning, after giving her orders to her house-hold. Her own fastidious tastes and habits, her fine old aristocratic proclivities were not to be shaken, even by malignant types of typhoid in her own pet neighborhood. A conscientious finely-tempered, exact old lady was Miss Erle, one whose duty-promptings did not outweigh the just consideration which was first due to herself.

"What news this morning. Dorothy?" she asked, of the maid who brought in the breakfast things.

"Bad news, Miss Erle. Two more cases, and Mrs. Brooke taken worse in the night and so frightening the Lee woman who staid with her mutterings and ravings that not one can be found to promise as much again. They do say that she has something on her mind,

"Oh! they say?" cried Miss Erie, tartly. any one with tolerable good sense and decency set an example to them? They would 'say' if the Angel Gabriel was to come down among

them. See who that is, will you?"

She had a glimpse of a little close-vailed, dark-robed figure flit past the window, and a moment later a summons at the door sounded through the house.

Some one from below, I daresay," Miss

"Some one from below, I daresay," Miss Erle mused during the moment Dorothy was gone. "I wonder if I am growing nervous. It really gave me a start, thinking for the second that it looked like—absolutely, like Wilma."

She glanced up at the opening door and sat transfixed at seeing, absolutely, Wilma.

She threw back the vail and came forward quickly, with her anxious, timid eyes fixed pleadingly upon the elder lady's countenance.

"I never will give my sanction, if she has come for that; I never will approve of Erle's course in this," was the hardening thought which flashed through Miss Erle's mind as she which flashed through Miss Erle's mind as she gave a gesture of dismissal to the maid. The atter went out, and Wilma put forth both her

hands, her face eloquent with entreaty.

"Oh, dear, dear Miss Erle," she said. "Won't you befriend me—won't you advise me, help me? There is not one in the wide world to

hom I can turn unless to you."
Stiff and still sat Miss Erle, very sternly looked forward into the sweet, wistful, pleading face. The face, she thought, which had led her nephew away from his true allegiance, that had drawn him out of the strictly honorable course from which one of his race should never deviate. That look and the lack of all other response was a sudden chill to Wilma's hope. She stood with a sense of dreary desolation come upon her, the expectation faded from her face, the old weary hopelessness settled there and at her heart.

"I beg your pardon," she said, quietly. "I never should have come here but for your kind solicitation a few days ago. May I ask of you only this, that you will not mention my having

Miss Erle, brought back to herself, put out er hand and spoke not unkindly.

"You gave me such a surprise, Wilma, and
I may as well say it first as last—I received such a shock and disappointment through you very recently. A sense of the two came so strongly over me just then that I quite forgot myself, though I don't lay any intentional

gency to you A disappointment, Miss Erle? Oh, I hope and I think it may not be as you suppose. You are mistaken, I am sure, if you thought the disappointment was to come through Mr. Hether-

Do you know what Erle told me before he left here yesterday, Wilma? That because of his liking for you he meant to break with Ethel; that after discovering his change of mind he yould do so if he could not even have the as surance of finding a response in you. You mean, I presume, that you have not seen him and do not know how set in his purpose he has

I mean, dear Miss Erle, that there is no fear of any estrangement coming between them. If there was a difference, rest assured it has been safely passed. They have passed all misinderstanding and have decided that the wed ding shall be on New Year's Day. I am glad I can tell you so beyond a doubt."

Miss Erle's face lighted with something very like joyful incredulity, a perceptible change of warmth in her manner. She could not well inderstand how this happy result had come about. Erle had appeared very decided, and though indolence might be a prevailing characteristic of his, lack of determination certainly was not. If he had compromised with himself and again acknowledged fidelity to Ethel, it was no half-way compromise to be broken through with any succeeding change or discontent, she

"You have lightened my heart of a heavy load, Wilma," she said, with affectionate kind-"Come here, my child, and let me tell you how really welcome you are. I am truly very fond of you, Wilma, though you may have been led to doubt it just now. There is nothing short of my hope and pride in Erle to which I would not willingly admit you. I fell every word when I told you how glad I would be to secure you as a young companion; if any change has occurred to have sent you here for that purpose, my dear, I am ready to prove the sincerity of my offer.

"A great change has occurred, Miss Erle One which I can not explain fully, but I have discovered that by remaining there I was liable to bring sorrow and distress upon those who have been so kind to me and whom I so dearly love. I came away without their knowledge, and I know they will be grieved at what will seem such ungrateful conduct from me, but my most urgent wish is to leave them in ignorance of my whereabouts. I want to go where there is no chance of their tracing me. It is my duty, Miss Erle, to lose myself to them, and I came to you because I am myself so inexperienced." Whatever cause has sent you, dear child

main. No, not a word. I need you and I shall keep you. Never mind what reason sent you here, I am rejoiced at your coming. Sit here and breakfast with me and let me tell you what | not far incorrect, and gave a new, startled additional cause I have for worriment just thought to one present.

Miss Erle's own private conclusion, hastily arrived at, was that Wilma's influence had persuaded Erle to a continuance of his duty, and that Wilma's secret reason for leaving was to avoid the chance of her presence swerving him

"There is no place you could well be safer than here, my dear," she said, confidently. "An ungrateful set!" cried Miss Erie, hotly indignant when she heard it. "I quite lose kind to call out your sympathy and bring that delicate tact of yours into play. There is a hold to push himself upon their footing that delicate tact of yours into play. There is a have been left to the charge of such a person. sickness broken out among my poor people Last evening after we left for the theater, you here, a fever, but I think we of strong bodily say, William, and remained for an hour? I they deserve to be left to the worst they would health and good constitutions need have no bring upon themselves."

It was a decision Miss Erle had arrived at more than once since she had entered upon

Cause for apprehension. These foolish people! something to do with this freak of your little physician should be no very agreeable one to more than once since she had entered upon

Cause for apprehension. These foolish people! something to do with this freak of your little physician should be no very agreeable one to "I was present when Dr. Dallas stipulated you—by no means a person with whom you

unwilling service, or that I am anxious you should engage in it at all. I would not urge any one to exposure, and what chance of contagion there may be. I shall as gladly make you welcome here and keep you exclusively to my self in my own home."

"Indeed, I shall be glad to be of use, and I am not afraid of the infection," Wilma de-

Dear little Wilma! Life was so dreary to her just then, such a hopeless, despairing out-look, that to lay it down in a brave performance of duty and kindliness to that humanity to which she was indebted for so little would have seemed no appalling prospect.

> CHAPTER XXI. THE DOCTOR'S ADVANTAGE.

Mr. RICHLAND, with his back to the fire, the gold watch wound and replaced in his pocket, waited with exemplary patience for minutes past the usual breakfast time that morning. Much given as he was of late to his own comlacent musings the delay was proving a source of annoyance to this model man of exactly regulated habits. He shifted uneasily, and glanced up at the marble clock, and growled a mild ex-pletive in a gruff voice far down in his chest, and waited again, but the light broke through the clouds in a moment as with a soft sweep of trailing robe, a breath of faint fragrance, a fair face sweet and bright, Ethel made her appear-

"I am unpardonably late I know," she said from the doorway, "and— Is it possible that Gertrude is not down yet? Indeed, in that

case, I will not plead any excuse."
"It is unprecedented, this delay on the part of Gertrude. Really, Ethel, I am quite appre-hensive over it. Here, William, send some one up to see what may be detaining Mrs. Richland. I am apprehensive that Gertrude is not so perfectly well as always heretofore. Her slight indisposition of last evening may have been the precursor of something more serious; I thought she looked uncommonly weary and affected with lassitude after our return, though she would have it that she was not even fa

His growing uneasiness was set at rest on that score as Mrs. Richland made her appear-ance a moment later. She was her usual self: that clear, still face never changed even to those who loved her best and were with her most. Looking into its perfect statuesque re-pose one could ill-imagine any hidden inner emotion, great throes and spasms like the con-vulsions of those inner fires which burn silently for centuries, and break out to mar fair, unsu pecting earth with some little loosening of the power which holds them. She came in with an open letter in her hand, a sheet of note paper writen over in a straggling, broken, un-certain hand, growing firmer at the last, and with the dry blistering of tears upon it. went close to her husband, no way changed and yet her face had gone down upon that lit tle sheet twenty minutes before, drawn, hardened, every line strained and tense, her heart a dead, numb agony worse to bear than keen,

"Dearest friend of all I have ever known," ran the note, "do not think me ungrateful for all your great kindnesses. I never can tell half how thankful I am and have been; if I never should see any of you again I should never fail to carry loving remembrances of all. I have been very happy here, but it is my duty to go away—a duty I owe to you. Please do not try to discover me; do believe that I am not ungrateful as this must seem, and that I will be happier in being only kindly remembered than if you are distressed at my going, or make an attempt to find me. I shall go to a friend who I am sure will help and advise me for the best, and I shall never cease to pray for you and your perfect happiness, for dear Miss Ethel and for Mr. Richland—all! Heaven bless you all! "Dearest friend of all I have ever known," ran

That was what Mr. Richland read, and looked into his wife's eyes, perplexed and discon

'Upon my word, Gertrude! Most extraor-What is this the child has been doing? Never—surely never so foolishly pre-cipitate as to have gone away?" "She is certainly gone, Howard. I sent Cicely to her room to call her to me and she

ound only that." "Wilma gone!" echoed Ethel. "Why should e go? Why in such a manner?" "And just as we had all grown fond of her," added Mr. Richland, in aggrieved tones. presume it is no more than we might have expected; it always is the way, but I own to

being disappointed. I would not have thought it of Wilma. Don't think hardly of the child now, Howard. I feel confident that some reason which she has not hinted must have persuaded er that this step is for the best for us and her. She is so inexperienced, so apt to be impressed very deeply by what would seem a small matter to us. I do not fear much difficulty in explaining any such fancied trouble away. Of course she must have gone back to her guardian.

William Thompson entering caught the last "I think, ma'am," bowing profoundly, I may be allowed to say it, if it's Miss Wilma, which Cicely have told me just now is found missing, I think as how she couldn't have gone to that doctor what calls himself her guardeen The doctor were here at a very improper time if I may be allowed to remark it, seeing as how he knew the family were out, and Miss Wilma were in noways glad to have him as I could ee, and she, poor, dear young lady! looking sad and stunned like to touch a heart of stone. I thought more of it after, when I'd gone back to wait by the fire again and could see her face coming up in the coals looking so. And the octor was saying something as I answered the bell to show him out of coming to day to find her ready, and Miss Wilma saying not so much as a word to answer him. I'd sooner think she'd care to go away from him any day than to go to him, for if ever I see dread on a human face it were on hers then."

However much William Thempson had posi-

However much William Thompson had positively seen, and how much had wakened in his mind since the news spread, his deduction was

"If Dr. Dallas is exerting his influence it neans no good to either her or me. And Wilma, Wilma! if yours should be but the first exmple of two! No trace of the thought reflected itself, as

her husband questioned the servant sharply. from the right again.

"When was this person here, William, Dr.

"All for the best no doubt," thought Miss Dallas I mean? I doubt if he is a man I would care to admit to the house. I have heard of him through Crayton, my dear; a charlatan, a dabbler in pharmacy and chemistry, and a sycophant who hovers about better men until he

think there is scarcely a doubt but he has had

among them; they have no care and no fore-thought, and very often they will not profit by better wisdom and kindly intention. Don't imagine, my dear, that I wish to press you to unwilling service, or that I am anxious you have able impression of the man, but do not think the sould be read to the control of the man, but do not think the could be read to the control of the man, but do not think the could be read to the control of the man, but do not think the could be read to the control of the man, but do not think the could be read to the control of the man, but do not think the could be read to the control of the man, but do not think the could be read to the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man, but do not think the control of the man and the control of the control of the control of the man and the control of the man and the control of the contr he could have any object in persuading her to

leave us in a manner like this."
"Of course we must not lose time in tracing her whereabouts, whether she has or has not returned to him. The first thing will be to send to the residence of this Dr. Dallas, I presume. Can some one be spared from the household for that, Gertrude?"

"I have been thinking," she answered, slow-ly, "whatever Wilma's reason may be, I am sure it is one which seems sufficient to her. would not advise any thing public or calculated to disturb her in any refuge she may have taken. Make quiet inquiry and wait in hope that she may either return or communicate some further assurance of her safety. I am sure Wilma meant every word that she has written here; I am sure if it seems right to her, she will come back of her own accord. I think we may all trust to her realization of what is

right, Howard."
"Upon my word, Gertrude. 'Any refuge she may have taken;' but why should she take refuge from us? Why shouldn't she trust in us if any trouble of her own has overtaken her? I would scarcely have been more surprised if Ethel here had taken such a wild freak into her mind. I am more than grieved, disappointed at her lack of confidence in us, and after our meaning to receive her in Ethel's place in the household, to be vacant so soon. No one ever could take your place in our hearts, little sister, but Wilma had won a very tender place in mine for herself. I repeat, I am inexpressibly disappointed."

In his perplexed annoyance Mr. Richland failed to see that whatever influence had perthemselves. Wilma's duty to them had affected her action, and Gertrude, looking down into the glowing coals, saw further and more than the others could even suspect.

"Whatever Wilma's prompting, I believe it is for the best," she was thinking. "She is brave, self-denying, heroic; but this affair of Erle and Ethel may have proved too great a trial. She may have found herself lacking force of nerve to force down her own pain with the presence of both such constant reminders. I feel—is it only a fancy—I feel if we had her here now, if she had not gone like this, if we should find her at once even, that it would be to lose her completely forever. She is his child— his—and I cling to her so it would be death to give her up now. Oh, merciful heaven! what end to the web! I can only pray with her that no shadow may fall to cloud the happiness of

Well, Gertrude," her husband interrupted her silent reflection, "what is to be done? Cause the bells to ring and the tidings to go forth, or wait as you say the simple issue of events? One will inflict publicity and aunoyance, and the other appears to me heartless, wrong. I should almost feel implicated now if any harm came to the rash girl."

Could we not make inquiry and trace her quietly, in such a manner she should not suspect we were making the attempt? You mentioned Crayton, and I fancy he would be a good person to consult with. For to-day do nothing, at least until I have acted upon your sugges-

ion and sent to her guardian. Meanwhile breakfast had grown cold. Mrs. Richland rung for fresh coffee, and they sat down, a depressed party, all feeling the absence of the trim little figure, of the sweet, dark, small face with the soft hair clinging lovingly about the temples, and rippling down about Richland, I may even dole a consthe slender throat—a shape and a face which had grown dear to each of them in these few "My dearest lady," he exclaimed,

There proved no necessity for any messenger o be sent to the old house on the Manchester

Mr. Richland had gone to the bank; Ethel, pale and perturbed, all her own new sense of elief and approval of her own course growing more easy before her suddenly shaken by this maccountable loss of Wilma, had taken the advice of her brother's wife and kept an engagement she had made, to drive with Mrs. atham, whose grand reception of a little more than a week ago had opened the gay season. Outwardly the entire household moved on the same; yet scarcely one within the fair, wide walls but felt, in greater or less degree, the shock and the depression which had fallen with greatest force on the one who made least display of her emotion—Mrs. Richland.

The news, spread over the house through Cicely's agency, had created an under-buzz of excitement, kept down by means of the un-

changed surface "It's that Dr. Craving Dallas's doings, de-end on it," asserted William Thompson, pend on it," asserted William Thompson, stoutly. "If ever villainy and cat-cunning were sot in human countenance, them are in his'n. Our Miss Wilma is too sweet and trusting to be left to that human vulture's clutches, as I always will maintain.— Bless my life! It's only the door-bell, but what a start it did

Cut short in his dissertation, William Thompson hurried to the performance of his duty, and a moment later admitted the chief object of it -Dr. Craven Dallas himself.

Which I was never so took aback," said the irrepressible William, in a snatched sideconference with the housekeeper, on the way of transmitting his message—"I never was, as when he ups and asks for Miss Wilma, with his compliments to Mrs. Richland, and will she see him for a moment alone, while he waits for his ward? And what does he but walks off, not into the drawing-room at all, as I was thinking of asking him to take a hall chair, but like a lord at home, straight into the library. Let your mistress know I am waiting here, says he, lofty as you please, with his yellow eyes shut down and looking on all sides of him as though he'd like to put the whole establish ment into his pocket and walk off with that same. It's a blessing that our Mrs. Richland is of a sort to put him down to his proper level.'

Mrs. Richland was before her dressing-glass completing a hasty toilet of plain outdoor wear, when the message reached her. She turned to her maid, who was laying out mantle and gloves and vail for her, secretly wondering at the whim which was taking her mistress

walking in that unassuming guise.
"You may put them back, Cicely. This interruption changes my mind. I will not go out this morning at all, I think."

She went down as she was, the plain dark garments sweeping about her stately form, ease and grace in every quiet motion, the steady, unreadable eyes looking forward into the face of this early visitor as the door unclosed and left her standing before him. an inclination of the head and a gesture of re-

the doctor, "and I can very well imagine, my high-toned madame, secure in the assurance of your own insolent superiority though you may be, that the sight of the one-time needy young stood all this time—wheeled it about and sunk physician should be no very agreeable one to down into it. Not a feature of the marble you-by no means a person with whom you'

might desire to be thrown into continued juxtaposition which might overrule fancied forget-

He bowed profoundly before the coldly-silent

"I trust sincerely I do not intrude upon prior arrangements," he said, blandly depreca-ting. The doctor always deprecated intruting. The doctor always deprecated intrusions on his own part with a sort of Uriah Heep humbleness, which proved particularly offensive to his present listener. "Favor me by being seated, madame; there will be no need to delay my subject. Grieved as I must be to insist upon any change, which requests be to insist upon any change which may not tally with your wishes and most generous intentions, I have still a duty to perform that shall be faithfully executed to the furthest of my poor ability. My ward, I presume, has not left you in ignorance of a decision I was forced to impart to her during an interview. forced to impart to her during an interview last evening.

"Wilma has told me nothing, Dr. Dallas." Mrs. Richland was non-committal regarding the cause of such reserve, waiting to conclude how far he might be concerned in this step of Wilma's

"Ah, that makes my task the harder! I find it necessary, absolutely a moral necessity, to resume my active duties as Wilma's guardian, to request her immediate return under my own personal observation, to my own individual care. I have already apprised my ward of the facts of the case. My housekeeper, who is extremely fond of the young lady, and who has done little but make regret over our temporary loss of her, has put her old room into its previous order, and I am come prepared to accompany Wilma back to her home which will never cease to be freely hers. Will you kindly permit her to be in-formed that I am here for the purpose?"

"First, will you explain to me what cause necessitates this sudden change? Accept my warm interest in your ward as apology for ask-

"Family reasons entirely, Mrs. Richland," he answered, with apparent carelessness, but with his light, furtive eyes scanning her close-ly. "The assurance of advantage to be derived from Wilma through—as yet—an unacknowledged connection. I am sure you will rejoice to know that Wilma, presumedly alone in the world, has one living relative very fa-vorably situated in the scale of earthly possessions and honors from whom she may unquestionably expect to reap some very tolerable

"And this relative," queried the lady, "is reconciled to her existence, prepared to acknowledge and receive her?"

"I have every reason to believe, madame, that this relative does not even suspect the girl's existence. I have my own private opinion at heart that the knowledge will be a matter of any thing but rejoicing to the person most nearly concerned by it. But of that, what? Certainly polying with incorporative duty. what? Certainly nothing with imperative duty

in the other scale 'That with Dr. Dallas means what sum? I think I understand your motive, sir, and am sufficiently interested to submit to any fair demand rather than part with Wilma. It is our wish—Mr. Richland's and mine—to adopt Wilma into our household; to receive her and cherish her and be assured of her as though she really were one of us. Every man has his price, Dr. Dallas; let me ask again plainly what is yours?"

"How the maternal heart, all unsuspecting, responds to nature's thrill," was the doctor's sareastic thought. "And how our fine lady's worldly wisdom reaches to the root of affairs! If better calculations fail, my dear Madame Richland, I may even dole a considerable

'My dearest lady," he exclaimed, with a plaintive intonation of reproach and that of-fensive touch of deprecation conveyed. "Must assure you that my interest in Wilma has ut money s For the sake of the child's is so, I assure you. welfare I shall not neglect one precaution in making her claim good; my own reward will be found in witnessing her prosperity. could not wish it to one more deserving. I trouble you-I am in some haste this morning-again to summon Wilma to attend me? Your pardon for having detained you, Mrs.

"It is unfortunately impossible to comply," answered Mrs. Richland, quietly. "You may understand better than we what reason Wilma had for her action, Dr. Dallas. She left us unknown to any one, some time during the night or early morning. Her room was found vacant, her bed unslept in, Wilma gone."

The doctor's jaw dropped. His eyes opened wide for once and returned her fixed gaze with such a scintillation of angry, cruel green lights that her heart sickened, nothing disturbed though her outward composure remain-

"Wilma gone-Wilma gone!" he repeated. Then, with a sudden, tigerish fierceness, and a blinding suspicion rushing across him, breaking the smooth mask of craft and oily subterfuge—"Are you instrumental in that, Mrs. Richland? If you have undertaken any such underhand game, by the Lord! you have chosen the wrong man to play it with."

Her steady, calm and scornful eyes gave him

an assurance of how hasty his conclusion had been, but it was an effective declaration of war between them he was in nowise inclined to retract.

"You forget yourself, sir," she answered, coldly. "There need be little more said until Wilma is found again; but, meantime, I refer you to Mr. Richland's solicitor in the hope of reaching some definite agreement regarding the end we should be happy to effect. I have the pleasure of wishing you good-morning,

"I beg your pardon for detaining you one moment, Mrs. Richland." The doctor had gone back to his usual bland and courteous demeanor, but every word was underlaid with a sarcasm which grated upon her sensitive car. Let me hope Wilma may be found very soon. If you had no interest in her disappearance, I shall hope to invest you with one to hasten her recovery-a secret, by the way, which I was favored through her bearing last evening. It is my duty now—how incessant is this stern Duty in her calls upon us!—it is my duty to inform you, Mrs. Richland, after a considerable lapse of time, that the child born in an isolated old house, forty miles out of the city, on a stormy December night seventeen years ago, ever died; that that child lives Wilma Wikle, your own daughter, Mrs. Richland!

He had meant to give her a sudden shock, and succeeded admirably, though a slow mo-ment of sheer, astonished disappointment elap-With sed before he was permitted a realization of the fact.

"Pon honor, very much as a queen might do with no very well-favored subject," thought were so steeled against surprises that the had wonderful powers of self-command; those deep, inscrutable eyes, so earnestly steady that they abashed even him, the doctor, "and I can year well in thought were so steeled against surprises that the ed a slow smile of incredulity upon her lips as she put a hand on the arm of a chair—she had mask changed, but as if through a deliberate

contemplation of the act, Mrs. Richland's stately head rested back against the chair, and then and there under the doctor's very eyes she quietly fainted.

CHAPTER XXII.

EIGHTEEN YEARS BEFORE.

CAPTAIN LEIGH BERNHAM was walking his floor with a rapid, regular stride, that steeled bronzed face telling little, though there was a quiver at times and an unusual paleness hidden under the heavy grizzled mustache, his eyes fixed on the straight space before him, stead-fast and inscrutable to a degree which might have rivaled Mrs. Richland's own. Captain Leigh Bernham's strong, contained mind had in my daily comings and going."

grasped a refrain which was repeating itself "She is made quite one of the family, then?" under the disconnected jarring chords of thought that were "less a melody than pain" with him at that hour of that particular morn-That incredible surprise of the previous night was thrilling him with something harder to bear than simple unbelief.

'Never dead and never buried seventeen years ago," sounded that refrain in the captain's

mind-"alive, alive!" And above it-

"Another man's wife—oh, Rose! oh, Rose! Dead to me, and it would be less pain to know that the grass was growing green and flowers blooming over your head—oh, Rose! And she could see me and know me with those cold, unanswering eyes. What did she think of the change, I wonder, and how much of it will she take home to her own proud, unrelenting heart? Whatever my faults and follies then, whatever my long loneliness and my long mourning since, I always cherished her first and loved her best alone of all the world. I would have been true to her memory forever, and she is alive and another man's wife.'

He paused at a turn before a square inclined mirror which reflected back his bronzed face and gloomy, stern eyes and soldierly figurepaused and put up his hand to run it through the close, nut-brown hair, just tinged here and there by silvery threads. The beard, more ruddily brown, with more silver streaks, and the firm mouth, the bronze gathered from long years' exposure to wind and sun and storm, a different face from one which came up as hav-ing looked back from his mirror, something more than seventeen years before.

"Little wonder if she had not recognized me," he thought, "but Rose is not one to for-What was that she said when we spoke this once? It was when I gave her a picture of myself and got her promise of this one of hers which I have worn through all the years since-foolish, sentimental times those and to think how I have held to them! I asked her, would she love the giver the same when the face grew old and seamed and the hair silvered, and she said—I remember her

Through all time and all eternity the very same, Ray'-calling me by that name. dear face itself can never change for me. any impossible thing should separate us for old body's pet pigeon one day, and somebody's years and years, and if you should come back companion, who was in some way responsible

She could have no idea how very soon the sun ever shone upon; nearer perfection than most probable expectation I had in view should any thing my impulsive young imagination had part us; and I, pitiful young fool! had trusted over pictured, or that I have met with in all of to her love to follow me to the end of the my experience. Seeing her shrinking, I volunworld, if need be. Heaven pity me! my great disappointment in her love found wanting came whomever it might concern, take all the blame and was over seventeen years and more ago. I upon myself, where it belonged, and couse could not hold myself blameless through my quently free her from any reproach she may too much love for her, and she never forgave have feared. Her employer turned out to be a me the deception. I pity myself yet as I think very exact old lady with a stern manner, but, I of the time when the word came that she was am sure, a kind heart. I managed to come out dead. Dead! my little Rose dead! All my of the affair, which promised a disturbance, faith in Heaven and earth would have been shaken first had any one whispered this—that I should find her living and have sooner known married the pretty companion a fortnight after mine, and she stopped, resisting her father's efher dead! And yet, poor Rose! not for any temptation in life would I breathe one word to injure you now. But the child-our childwhom you deserted for seventeen years, whose existence I did not even suspect, she is mine: not even you can claim so good a right."

He turned and fell to walking the floor again, a deep corrugation coming into his foreead, a trick of expression which repeated in His thoughts had gone to her the child of the brief, bright romance of his youthful, foolish days, the little daughter whose existence he had not known until these later

'Little Wilma! I know I frightened her, but so near, with her sweet, shy face just discernible through the dusk. I could not resist. taking her in my arms and giving her a father's first caress. Poor little thing! at least I shall make her life happier than it was be-

Some one knocked. Captain Bernham paused and gave a brush of his hand over his heavy mustache. Pallor and quiver which had been there changed to the usual close setting of the firmly-chiseled lips.

Come in," said the captain, and Lenoir answered the invitation.

It was nearly noon of a clear, cool November day. A brisk walk through the bracing air had brought a flush into the young man's cheeks, and an added brightness to his fine dark eyes, yet for all that he was thin and worn even to a casual observer. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says some wiseacre, and Justin Lenoir seemed to have taken it in hand to verify the maxim in as short a time as the process of wearing out could well be consummated. His was not a vigorous constitution at the best. These long nights of incessant drain upon both mental resources and physical endurance, the hours required by his editorial duties, supplemented by other hours of brain labor lasting habitually into the breaking dawn, and often until the sun was high up and busy traffic begun in the streetsall following this restless American impulse of ours which has no mercy upon health or life or any thing except the iron endurance that can stand firm in its own place and be beaten and ostled on all sides, and take no impression from the wear and tear of the multitude about own reflection that the result would be the same, whatever use he made of the time, was in part correct. More than overwork was proving a source of unrest to Justin Lenoir, but who ever knew a restless mind to be put at ease by the extra efforts of a restless body? "I came immediately upon receipt of your

note," Lenoir said, dropping into the seat Bernham placed for him. "My landlady did not disturb me until my usual going out hour.

must pardon my delay."
"I dare say I took a liberty in addressing you at all, but I trust to your accommodating spirit not to think it such," said the captain, frankly. "Are you at liberty now, Lenoir? Can I claim you for a half-hour or so without interfering with duties of your own?" Quite at liberty, and happy to place myself

Frequently. I had the liberty of the house

"Yes, and is well worthy the distinction. Such a peculiar, sensitive, childlike, trustful yet pathetic face, I never saw anywhere else, and the face is the clear mirror of a pure soul.

They all think and make much of her. An artist friend of mine, Latimer, has done little but rave of her since our last evening there. He wants to paint Wilma as Cinderella, and, as Latimer is apt to have his way in all things, he way kend Wilma down to fame in that guise a young companion.

express yourself so favorably, how truly happy I am in announcing myself Wilma's father."

had given him. the captain continued, answering the "It is less than a fortnight since I discovered that I had a daughter, and only yester-day that I traced her whereabouts. Will you smoke and listen to a rough sketch of my story, Lenoir? My pipe has been my solace for so long that it is inseparable as a companion

He pushed a case of Havanas across to Lenoir, but took down a beautifully colored meerschaum for himself, filling it leisurely from that heavy silver tobacco-box which had

arrested Dr. Craven Dallas' covetous eye.

Lenoir lit his cigar and settled back to listen with unmistakable interest awakened. The captain drew some slow whiffs, watching the misty blue rings curl about his head and drift off in almost imperceptible clouds.

'Something near eighteen years ago," he began, in that same quiet tone he had used, "I was a military student, let free for an interval, with an appointment to a commission and active service under discussion. I was passing the interval in the city here and scouring the cry country roads in shooting costume and hunting cquipments, with very indifferent success. I had the misfortune to bring down some staid to me wrinkled and gray, as you said just for the bird being beyond the limit of its regunow, the eyes of love would not be deceived. I should surely know you and love you all the accident. I can say, after all this time and after seeing women from all parts of the globe, "Any impossible thing!' Ah, poor girl! that the companion was the loveliest creature

my first meeting with her. I can see what you think, that it was ! marry in haste to repent at leisure,' but my life! with my head clear as it is to-day, with the same run of circumstances to impel but lacking the knowledge of what was to come after, I should have surely married Rose as then."

"Rose!" spoke Lenoir, quickly. "Then the lovely Rose of your miniature was the one you

married, Captain Bernham?"
"That was Rose." There There was the slightest listurbed inflection in the captain's tone; it

had been a slip of his, mentioning the name at all. "You may wonder less at my infatuation now. I married Rose in secret and under an assumed name. There were family reasons for that You know where family pride will run sometimes, and I come of one of the stiffest, most overbearing and unreasonable old families that branches over Maryland to-day—a wild, reckless, rash-minded set of men we have been from first to last, I may as well say at once Of our branch there were left at that time only my brother and myself-my twin-brother he as both worthy representatives of our race one before, and an old grandfather, who was stiffer and prouder and rasher and more unreaonable than both of us young bloods taken to gether, and of whom we stood in wholesom we to his face, at least whatever lawlessness we may have been guilty of behind his back and in defiance of his strict prohibitions. His influence had put us at the military school and insured us our commissions later. we were young vandals, both of us, never taken into any very especial favoritism, though was generally understood that one or the other should inherit after him. Some disinte-rested person once broached his leaving it to us jointly, but he was stiff-necked in his intention. There should be no division of the property; it should go to the one who proved nimself most worthy, which meant with my grandfather the one who chanced to be in best favor at the latest moment. Poor old gentle-He had lived a high life, and near the close of it got a fever for speculation and bare escaped a pauper's grave at last. But all nat was long afterward, and at the time a slight coolness had come up between my brother Ray and myself regarding this very chance The question of who shall be but it all told upon Lenoir. Possibly his heir has made worse breaches between as clos friends, but Ray and I were never what we might have been to each other because of that. We were doing each other the worst of injustice in those days, though we never discovered is until too late to remedy, long years of estrang ment lying between. While I was in the city nere, galloping over the country roads, or making the best of stolen opportunities with Rose, it was not very well known where my brother was passing his time. Among various You know the reprehensible habit to which newspaper men are necessarily addicted, of turning night into day, and vice versa, and that reports one had come to me that he was not so over my actions, hoping to discover a flaw which might cut short my chances and at the ame time advance his own of succeeding our grandfather. It was made plausible by my meeting him in the street one evening, but, b fore a chance to accost him was given, he lunged in a crowd and eluded me, doubtless thinking I would persuade myself I had been

think you are acquainted with an influential own chance equally at least. I married Rose to Rose, one I had given her, and in which she as Raymond Leigh and was guilty of one other her. They were there still, and with them my there the other piece of deception toward her. I told her no-her. They were there still, and with them my think you are acquainted with an influential family here—the Richlands. Yes. I remember you had come from there, the other night, when I met you first. A very short acquaintance it has been to warrant this offering of my confidence and tax upon your kindness. If you have any delicacy in regard to acting for me, my dear fellow, don't hesitate to say it after I have told you how my case stands. There is a young lady staying with the Richlands—Miss Wilma Wilde. Have you met her?"

"Eremperator I had the liberty of the house alone when she was once my wife. Hers had alone when she was once my wife. Hers had through the kindness of its master—of the liberty of the house through the kindness of its master—of the liberary more properly—a short time since, and became quite well acquainted with Miss Wilde in my daily comings and going."

"She is made quite one of the family, then?"

"She is made quite one of the family, then?" child for an early lover from whom his own du plicity had served to separate her. He had always seemed to visit the sin of the mother upon the child; he had been harsh and cold to

Latimer is apt to have his way in all things, he may hand Wilma down to fame in that guise yet."

The concealed lines about the captain's lips had softened during the first part of the other's speech, only for an instant and then were firm as before.

"Cinderella must have more lasting assurance of more real pleasure," he said, quietly. "You can imagine how gratified I am at hearing you express yourself so favorably, how truly happy very much alike—and at the short distance she very much alike—and at the short distance she Certainly an abrupt and unexpected an-nouncement. Lenoir looked the surprise it never spoken to Rose regarding our family, and was a matter of astonishment even to planation now. She had no distrust of me and my simple assurance was all needed to restore her perfect faith. After that I rented a little place still further out of the city, where Rose and I passed a few such blissfully happy weeks that it is like an exquisite pain now to look back at them. A lingering, delicious time, perfect but for the thrill of one little discord which came through my consciousness of how soon it might all be abruptly ended. The end came, a shock even to me who had been ex came, a shock even to me who had been expecting it. I got my commission and orders to join my division at the front in one letter. I went back with it in my pocket, with a cowardly sinking at my heart and a sense of guilt upon me now that there was no help for breaking the truth to Rose.

"She met me—my wife who had parted from me loving so few hours before—frozen like a statue and as hard, but with one burst of fierce reproperly greeting me

reproach greeting me.

'I have discovered all of your deception! she said, with her eyes flaming in her white face. 'I am convinced, and yet I have refused to believe the truth until I have it from your own lips. If you have one word to say in your own self-defense, say it now.'

"As she spoke, there moved forward a step from the shadow at her back a shape which I had not seen before, a tall, gaunt old man, from whom Rose shrunk even then and half put out her hands to me. I heard her cry:

"'Oh, Ray, Ray! tell me it is not true!' bu he stopped her and silenced me when I would have spoken.

"' You have grossly deceived and misled my daughter,' he said. 'For that you are answera-ble to me. If you have any explanation to make, or one extenuation to plead, I am willmake, or one extenuation to plead, I am willing to hear you. My daughter goes with me now, and I will meet you—or, better perhaps—you can write me to this address anything you may wish to say.' He thrust a card into my hand, but I dropped it and sprung forward, with my hands clutching my wife's mantle detaining her. I only realized that she was leaving me, that I was losing her through my own secrety and deceit. Something like a flash secrecy and deceit. Something like a flash

forts to draw her away.
"' It is not true, Ray?' she breathed. "I could only drop my head in shame, and

xclaim, brokenly: " Forgive me, Rose! I loved you so I dared not risk the chance of losing you. I saw her grow hard and white and cold again. I remember what a wild sweep of despair went over me; that I tried to drag her away forcibly, that I pleaded for myself with all the words I could master, but she would not listen. She put up her hand. The gesture and the

of her eyes silenced me. "'I never can forgive you—never!' she said. Then, turning to her father—'Take me away,

"I fell back and they were gone in a mo ment. I was dazed, stricken, incapable of ac-tion for what seemed hours. The full sense of my misery came upon me in the middle of darkness, the emptiness of desolation all about n the little house where my dearest happines had been. The stupor which had been upon me seemed to burst and fall away all in a mo I staggered to my feet and found a ight, and stood looking about at the familian hings, not one of which was not associated with ner presence. It dawned upon me in a vague vay that it was all unreal, that it was a grea mistake which would be cleared away soon great though my offense had been, Rose never would cast me off for that. I picked up the card from where it had fallen and turned it in my hand. If I could go to her-but there hought of her gesture, her look of mingled anger and despair and scorn, as she had de

clared-'I never can forgive you-never!' "A clock, striking somewhere within sound warned me. It was almost morning, and I must be off upon my journey before noon. There was no time to see her had I not, cow ard-like, shrunk from the ordeal. I sat down and scrawled a few hasty lines. I begged her if there had been any mistake, any misunder standing, any supposition of greater wrong or my part than this deception, which I confess ed, that she should come to me there, or sen me at least one word of forgiveness or assur ance of love. I went out in the breaking dawn and dispatched it by the first messenge I found. No answer came. I grew calmer a I waited, and in my last hour at the house wrote again, detailing my own fault at length and imploring my wife, if she could pardor the offender for the sake of the motive urging the offense, to join me at a junction by the way. I wrote again when I was really on the way, again and again after I reached my post. I never received one word or token from Rose, but after six months there came a line in an upright, crabbed, unknown hand and signed with her father's name. Rose was dead-dead without forgiving me,"

ithout forgiving me."

The slight nervous tremor and the pallor had hain't you?"

"Yes, I think so." come back to Captain Leigh Bernham's lips. Except that he sat unchanged, upright, bronz ed and self-contained, an admirable example of what stern discipline may effect.

"Pardon me," said Lenoir, softly. "I can not think you had cause for much self-reproach however deeply you might sorrow. Your of-fense was so slight that a woman's true love should have easily covered it."

"I am not sure now that it was so represent your service," Lendir answered.

And I want to claim a service of you. I mistaken in the recognition. Believing the ed to her. Only a week or so age I came into possession of a little box which had belonged

own later letters with unbroken seals. Whether she got them or not, it is certain that Rose never read those pleadings and explanations of mine. That is the story, and I don't know new why I should have told it to you. It has scarcely a bearing on what I have to ask of you. No word was sent to me of the little daughter Rose left; I never knew the existence of the child until accident discovered it to me. I can bring forward a witness to declare that Wilma is the child of my dead wife, and I shall surely claim her as mine. I wanted to ask you to break the facts of the case to the Richlands. Can I presume that far on your friendship, Lenoir?"

"For much more than that, I hope, Cap

tain Bernham. In any way I may be able to serve you."

Lenoir answers unhesitatingly though not without an inward twinge. He had meant to keep aloof from Ethel, in thought as well as reality, so far as might be possible. He had thought that he might not see her again, or for no more than the briefest moment of parting when her hand should touch his, her sweet facurrounded by its glory of bright hair look up at him, her voice murmur a simple farewell meaning little to her, but another cadence added to the song of his life.

The captain emptied the dead ashes from his

pipe, turning his face from the other's direct

There is a trifle more. I have a fancy should like you to witness the offering up of my sacrifice. Some papers concerning this story I have told you, Rose's letters and my own; I don't imagine any Phænix will rise from their ashes. A little weakness has infrom their ashes. A little weak duced me to keep them this long."

He stirred the coals in the grate until they blazed, then put his hands to an inner breast-pocket of the coat he wore. It staid there, and Captain Bernham's face really and perceptibly changed at last. It was startled and ghastly is ita sudden alarm

A certain pocket-book to which he had transferred those papers for the purpose of having them always upon his own person, had com-pletely and recently disappeared. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 194.)

RED ARROW, WOLF DEMON

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, UTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "THE MAN PROJ TEXAS," "OVERLAND RIT," "RED MAZEPFA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., "TO.

OHAPTER XXXL

THE VENGEANCE OF THE RENEGADEL ALL was bustle in the Indian village, for word had gone forth to make ready for the war-path! Gayly the braves donned the war-paint, and sharpened the scalping-knives and listening tomahawks.

Girty had been summoned to the lodge of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The great chief of the Shawnee nation smarting over his failure to destroy the dreaded Wolf Demon, panted eagerly for the oppor-

nnity to lead his warriors against the pale Girty recounted to the chief all that he had

learned regarding the strength of the settlers-knowledge that he had gained in his recent scout to the other side of the Ohlo. The chief listened with a gloomy brow. His plan to surprise the whites had failed.

Girty asked.
"Yes; we will cross the Ohio above the pale-face lodges; then my warriors shall form a circle around the long-knives, reaching from river to river. The circle shall be a line of fire, breathing death to the pale-face that dares to attempt to cross it."

And the expedition will move to-night?" "Yes; I have dispatched my fleetest runners to my brothers, the Wyandots and the Mingoes, telling them that the war-hatchet is dug up and that, like the storm-cloud, the red-men are about to burst in arrows of fire upon the pale faces, and drive them from the land that the Great Spirit gave to the Indian.

"I will prepare at once for the expedition, Girty said, in savage glee, his soul gloating over the prospect of slaughter. Then he with-

lrew from the wigwam.

As Girty proceeded in the direction of his

wn lodge he met Kendrick "Blood ahead, hey?" Kendrick said, as they

"Yes; to night we take up the line of

" And where are you going now?"

"To see my captive."
"What are you going to do with the gal?"
"Make her my prey," Girty said, and a look
of savage triumph came over his dark face as

"That's your vengeance, hey?"
"Yes. What wrong can rankle more keenly in the breast of General Treveling than the knowledge that his cherished daughter is my slave, the creature of my will?" said Girty,

"You're a good hater," Kendrick said, with

a grin.
Yes, or my hate would not have lasted all these years. Why, man, I hate this Treveling as bitterly now as I did years ago when the lashes cut into my back. I swore once that I would have his life, but that is poor and paltry vengeance compared to that I have heaped upon his head. First I stole his eldest daugher-then a child-and left her to perish in the forest, and now I have taken his other daughter from him. The second blow is worse than the first, for death is far better than the fate that is in store for Virginia."

"I s'pose you'll let him know in some way of what you've done?" Kendrick said.

"He already knows that the death of his eldest daughter lies at my door; knows, too, that I have carried off this one, but he does not yet know the fate that I have marked out for her,' Girty replied.

For a moment Kendrick was silent; then he suddenly broke into a loud laugh. "Why do you laugh?" asked Girty, in asonishment.

You've fixed this matter out all straight,

"S'pose a bullet from one of the settlers' long rifles should interfere with this hyer cunnin plan, hev?

"The bullet is not yet run that is to kill me," rejoined Girty, sternly.
"Not afeard, hey?"
"Not a whit."

"Got a' big medicine,' as the Injune say?"
"I do not fear death; that is my 'medicine,' Girty replied, carelessly.

Well, I wish I was as sure of not going un-

Girty asked. "Inside the wigwam with the little gal," Kendrick answered.
"I think I'll visit the girl and let her know

the fate that is in store for her."
"You'll find my gal inside," Kendrick said.

"I'll be out in a few minutes; wait for me." Then Girty entered the wigwam that held As Kendrick had said, Kate was there in at-

tendance on the captive. "Leave us for a little while, gtrl; I want to speak to the lady alone," Girty said. Without a word, Kate left the wigwam.

Captor and captive were face to face.

The loathing that swelled in the heart of the girl was plainly visible in her face as she look. ed upon the man who had betrayed her into the hands of the savages. Do you know who I am, girl!" Girty asked.

"You are Girty, the renegade," Virginia an swered calmly, though every vein was throb-bing with indignation. You are right. I am Girty, and the settlers

call me the renegade."
"Yet I can hardly believe that you are that dreadful man.

Why not?" "Because you have the face of a human, and his should be the face of a wolf." Girty scowled, ominously, at the words.
"Keep your tongue within bounds, or it may

be the worse for you. Do you know where you "Yes, a prisoner in your hands," Virginia answered, with a look of settled despair.

"Do you know what your fate is going to ' Death by some dreadful torture, I suppose.' "No, your guess is wrong; you are not fated to die yet. Were you the captive of the Shawnees it is probable that you would die at the

torture-stake; but you are my prisoner; no red brave holds your fate in his hands." If report speaks true, I am the prisoner, then, of a man whose nature is more cruel than that of the Indian," said Virginia, with spirit.

"I am merciless to those that brave my an-

ger," retorted Girty, with a lowering frown.
"And how have I ever wronged you?" asked Virginia, in wonder.

You have never wronged me." "Why then have you torn me from home and "You are the daughter of General Trevel-

ing?"
Yes." "I hate your father. Through you I strike at him. You are dearer to him than even life itself. A blow dealt at you also wounds him. That is the reason why I have lured you from the settlement." Flerce was the tone in which Girty uttered the words, and a demon look of

triumph gleamed in his dark eyes.

Virginia listened in wonder. She had often heard her father speak of the renegade, but al-

ways as a stranger. How has my father ever injured you?" she asked. "How ?" demanded Girty, in rising wrath.

"The cut of his lash has scarred my back. It happened long years ago, but the memory is as fresh in my brain as though it were but yesterday. I swore a bitter oath of vengeance. Years have come and gone, but at last I strike, and the blow must reach him through you."

"This is a munly vengeance?" exclaimed Virginia, while her lip curled in scorp. "If

my father has wronged you, why not seek him? why select a helpless woman as your victim? Is it because you are too cowardly to face my

father?"
"Taunt on; you will repent these words in scalding tears ere long," said Girty, calmly.
"They speak truth in the settlement when "Since we can not creep upon them like the they speak truth in the settlement when fox, our attack shall be like the swoop of the they say that you are like the wolf, both cruel and cowardly.

"And before another week is gone, they wil say, too, that, like the wolf. I love blood, for I will have rivers of it!" cried Girty, savagely. Virginia's heart sunk within her as she looked upon the angry face of the renegade. And now your fate; can you guess what it

is to be?" he asked.
"No," Virginia answered. "You're to be mine-my slave. This is the vengeance that will scar your father's heart and make him curse the hour when he dared to Triumph swelled in the voice of

wrong me!"

he renegade as he spoke. Virginia-hapless maid-felt that she was "Oh! why can I not die at once!" she murmured, in despair.
The renegade gazed upon his victim with a

smile of triumph. "First my vengeance, and then death can will be rare joy for me to tell your father of the shame that has come upon you. It is al-most worth waiting for all these years."

"You are a wolf, indeed," Virginia murmur

"And who has made me so?" demanded the renegade, fiercely, "Your father! His act drove me from the white cabins to the wigwam of the savage; made me an outcast from my race; a white Indian. May the lightning of the Eternal strike me dead if I ever forget or forgive the injury that he has done me. Even now—after all these years—the memory of my

wrong is as fresh in my brain as though it hap pened but yesterday.' In a torrent of passion came the words from the lips of the angry man. Virginia shuddered at his manner. "You have no pity!" she cried.
"Pity? No!" he said, with fierce accent

"Can pity dwell in the heart of the wolf! Your father has made me what I now am. Let him blame himself if the wolf he has created rends his child." "I am entirely lost," Virginia murmured, faintly.

"And now I go to take the war-path against the settlement — to crimson with blood the waters of the Ohio. I will give to the flames the cabins of the whites; the smoke of the burning dwellings shall mark my course and attest my vengeance. When I return then—Well, my revenge will be made complete. Let no vain thought of escape cross your mind, for I shall leave you doubly guarded. There is no power on this earth that can save you from me

Prepare, then, to meet your fate with resigna-For the present, farewell. Then the miscreant left the lodge

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STRANGE STORY. In a tangled mass of bushes, near to the hollow oak that the three scouts had selected as a meeting-place, Boone and Kenton lay con-

They were waiting for the return of Lark.
"Strange, what can keep him?" muttered
Boone, impatiently. "Haven't you seen him at all?" Kenton ask-

"No, not since we parted."

"It must be past twelve." "Perhaps he's been captivated by the redicheathens," Boone suggested. "Hello I what's that?" cried Boone, sudden-

The scout's attention had been attracted by slight noise in the wood beyond the little

Eagerly the two listened.

Then, through the wood, with stealthy steps, came a dark form.

It passed close to where the two whites lay

Cold drops of sweat stood, bead-like, upor the foreheads of the two scouts as they looked

upon the dark form.

It was the Wolf Demon that was stealing so stealthily through the wood:

"Jerusalem! did you see it?" muttered Boone, with a shiver, after the terrible form had disappeared in the shadows of the wood.
"Yes," replied Kenton, in a solemn tone.

What do you think it is?" "It's a spook, and no mistake," Kenton said, with a shake of the head. Well, it does lookslike it, don't it?" Boone

"Yes. Why, they wouldn't believe this if we were to tell it in the station."
"That's truth; but seein' is believin', you

"I think we may as well be going," said Kenton, with a nervous shiver, and a stealthy look

around, as though he expected to see a demon form in every bush. "And not wait for Lark?"
"What's the use? It will be morning soon.
Ten to one he has missed us and taken the back

track to the station."
"Yes, that is likely. Let's be going then,"

Boone added. The two, carefully emerging from their covert in the bushes, crossed the little glade and passed in front of the hollow oak.

As they passed the tree, Kenton, who was a little in the advance, halted suddenly and placed his hand in alarm upon the arm of Boone. 'What's the matter?" asked Boone, quickly,

in a cautious whisper. "Look there," Kenton said, in the same low, guarded tone, and, as he spoke, he pointed to the ground before him.

Boone, with straining eyes, looked in the direction indicated by the outstretched hand of his companion.

On the earth before them was stretched a dark form. Carefully, rigid as two statues, the two scouts on their way.

What de you think?" said Kenton, in a whisper. "It's a man, I think."

"Can it be another victim of the Wolf De-"P'haps so; let's examine it," said Boone.

Then the two, stealing forward with stealthy steps, knelt by the side of the senseless form. It was a man attired in the forest garb of deerskin. He was lying with his face downward.
The scouts turned him over, and then a cry of surprise broke from their lips. The man was Abe Lark.

"Lark, by hookey!" exclaimed Boone, in wonder.

And hurt, too!" cried Kenton. "It 'pears so."

Then carefully they searched for the wound. The search was fruitless. Lark was unburt. The two scouts looked at each other in won-"Nary wound," said Boone, tersely,

"What on yearth is the meaning of it?" questioned Kenton.

Boone shook his head in doubt. Lark's face was as white as the face of the dead, excepting that part where the crimson

Large drops of sweat stood upon the forehead of the senseless man, and he breathed heavily, as if in pain. The veins, too, of the forehead were available.

forehead were swollen out like whip-cords. All gave evidence of great agony. "What shall we do?" asked Kenton, puz-

"First, get him out of this faint," replied

Boone. "What do you suppose is the matter with "It looks like a fit," Boone said, thoughtfully. "P'haps he's seen that awful figure, and

the spook cast a spell upon him." To the superstitious minds of the borderers this seemed a reasonable explanation.

"If I only had a little water now," said Boone, looking around him as if in search of some friendly spring. "I've got a little flask of whisky," and Kenton produced it from an inside pocket of his

hunting-shirt as he spoke. 'That will do fust rate, but it's kinder of a shame to waste good liquor," said Boone, with a comical grin, as he proceeded to bathe the forehead of the senseless man with the whisky. In a few moments a low groan came from the lips of Lark. Then a convulsive shudder

shook his massive frame.
"He's coming to," said Kenton, who was anxiously watching the face of Lark. "I knew the whisky would fetch him,"

Boone remarked. Lark's eyes opened slowly, and with a be-wildered expression, like one in a maze, he gazed into the faces of the men who knelt by

"What the deuce is the matter with my head?" he muttered.

It was evident that his senses were still in a "He don't know you," said Kenton, in a

"He don't know you," said kenton, in a whisper, to Boone.

"No," replied the other, in the same guarded tone; "he hain't fully recovered yet; hain't got his mind right."

Then again Lark, whose eyes had wandered off listlessly in the forest, looked into the face of the man who bent so earnestly over him.

A gleam of recognition came over Lark's features. Feebly he raised his hand to his head and passed it across his forehead, as if by the act to call back his scattered senses.

act to call back his scattered senses.

"Kurnel Boone," he murmured.

"Yours to command," replied Boone, with a hearty press of Lark's hand that lay by his

"And Kenton, too," Lark continued.
"Right to an iota," returned the borderer.
"What on yearth has been the matter with me?" and Lark, with the assistance of Boone,

me?" at Lark, with the assistance of Boone, rose to a sitting posture as he spoke.

"That is what bothers us," Boone said.
"We have been waiting for you to come for come time, as agreed upon: and at last, growing tired of waiting, we concluded either that you had been taken prisoner by the Shawnees, or else that you had returned to the station, having missed us in the forest in some way."

A puzzled look appeared upon Lark's face.
"I can't understand it," he muttered, in doubt.

"Understand what?" Boone asked. "Why, how I came to be here?"
Both Boone and Kenton looked at Lark in

"Don't you know?" Boone asked.
"No," Lark replied. "Ain't you hurt in some way?" 'Not as I knows on."

"Have you seen any thing terrible for to vously around as he spoke, as though he expected to see the dreaded wood demon by his

"No," again replied Lark. "Well, where have you been?"
"I don't know."

Again the two scouts stared at their com panion in amazement. "You don't know?" Boone questioned, in

"No; I can't remember any thing about it." What have you been doing since we part-I can't tell you that, either," replied Lark,

evidently as greatly puzzled as the other two. "Can't tell?" "No. I can remember parting with you here some hours ago, and making the agree-ment to meet you here again. Then I struck off into the forest, intending to scout into the

"And that is all I can remember."

"You don't remember what you did after Not a thing about it," Lark replied, de

"Why, that was hours ago. I've been a prisoner in the hands of the Shawnees, and escaped from them, too, in that time," Boone "I can not explain; it is all a blank to me,"

Lark replied. "Perhaps you were taken with a fit?" sug-

"Perhaps so."
"But where have you kept yourself?—for I'll swear that you wasn't hyer thirty minutes ago," Boone said, decidedly.
"I can't understand it in the least," Lark

replied, rising to his feet as he spoke.
"Well, it's the most mysterious affair that I ever heerd of," Boone added, with a doubtful shake of the head. "How do you feel weak?"

"No, as strong and as well as I ever was." "It sounds just like one of the old hobgoblin stories that my father used to tell by the fire on a winter's night," Boone said, thought-fully. "I allers thought that they were all fully. "I allers thought that they were and lies, but this story of yours is as strange as any

'It beats me," Kenton observed. "Well, let's be going."
And following Boone's lead, they proceeded

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FOR a few minutes in silence the three proeeded on through the forest. Boone was in he advance, Kenton followed, and Lark prought up the rear.

Suddenly, Lark spoke. "Hold on a minute, kurnel." Astonished, both Boone and Kenton halt-

The party were just crossing a little glade,

whereon the moonbeams brightly fell.

As the two turned to Lark, they noticed that his face was deadly pale—even whiter and more corpse-like than when he was stretched senseless upon the sward. His lips were mov-What's the matter, Abe?" asked Boone, in

"I don't know," said Lark, in guttural tones, and speaking with evident difficulty.

Boone and Kenton exchanged glances of astonishment. Don't you feel well?" Boone asked.

I-I am deathly sick," and, as the words came from his lips, Lark sunk, heavily, Alarmed, his two companions knelt by his

Jerusalem! You're tuck bad," said Boone bending over the fallen man. "My strength is all leaving me," murmured Lark, in anguish.

"And hain't you been hurt at all?" asked Kenton, who could not understand this strange 'No," murmured Lark, speaking with great

"Have you ever had one of these spells be-fore?" said Boone, fully as much puzzled as his brother scout to account for Lark's strange

"Yes," replied Lark, feebly.
"Oh, you have?"
"Yes."

"Well, what shall we do for you?" Boone felt a little relieved in his mind by Lark's

Take me and bind me to the trunk of the largest tree that there is near here."
"Why?" cried Boone, in astonishment at the

strange request. "Bind you to a tree!" exclaimed Kenton, in amazement.
"Yes," replied Lark.

"Jerusalem! That's odd treatment for a sick man," said Boone.

"It is the only way to treat my sickness," replied Lark, in a husky voice.

"You arn't in carnest?"

Boone could hardly believe his hearing. "Tie you to a tree?"

"Yes, and it must be a stout one," murmured Lark.

"A stout one?"
"Yes, one that I can not pull up."
"Pull up!" exclaimed both Boone and Kenton, in a breath.
"Yes," replied Lark, his breath coming thick and hard, like the breath of a hunted

"Pull up a tree! Why, you ain't got strength chough now to pull up a blackberry bush," said

"That is true," murmured Lark, hoarsely; but in a few minutes I shall have the strength

Again Boone and Kenton looked at each other in wonder. "This is a riddle!" cried Boone.

"This is a riddle?" cried Boone,
"Do not waste time in trying to guess it,"
gasped Lark, hoarsely, "but, if you are friends
of mine, do as I wish before it is too late."

"Too late!"

"Yes, a few minutes more and it will be too late. I have had these attacks before, but never until this one did I gness what the result of the attack would be. But, now, Heaven has permitted me to have a knowledge of the truth." Lark spoke with great difficulty, and white froth began to gather at the corners of his mouth

The two scouts looked upon the pain-distorted face of their companion in horror, "What on yearth is the matter with you?"

what on yearth is the matter with you?
exclaimed Boone.
"Can't you guess? Don't you see it in my
face?" Lark gasped, in torture. "I am going
mad." "Mad!" cried both the scouts, and they re-

coiled a step or two in horror.
"Yes, mad," moaned Lark, in agony. "I can feet the madaess creeping over me; tie me to a tree, else I may injure you or myself."
"I'll do it!" cried Boone, impulsively."
"Come, Kenton, give me a hand!"

Then the two carried the helpless man to the skeer you?" and the old hunter glanced ner- foot of a stout oak that grew by the side of the

With thongs cut from Lark's hunting shirt they bound him securely to the tree. They placed him in an upright position against the trunk of the oak.

"There, can we do any thing else for you?" asked Boone, after the tying had been com-

"No, except to remain near at hand and watch me. The attack will not last long," Lark replied. It was with great difficulty that he spoke at all. The scouts withdrew a short distance, and

sitting down in the bushes, watched their friend that they had bound so securely. The moonbeams came down full on the head of the bound man—upon the massive head that drooped so listlessly upon the shoul-

For full ten minutes Boone and Kenton watched, and Lark gave no sign of life, Face and figure seemed alike a part of the

"I say, kurnel," said Kenton, in a cautious whisper, "what do you think of it?"
"Well, I don't know," replied Boone, slowly; "it's a most wonderful affair. That a criter should be able to tell aforehand that he was going to have a mad spell and want himself tied up. Why, I never heerd of any thing

He ain't moved yet," said Kenton, still watching Lark intently. "P'haps he ain't going mad after all?" suggested Boone.

'Or, it may be that he ain't quite right in his mind now, and the idea of his going mad is only one of the strange fancies that sick peo-ple have sometimes?" queried Kenton. "That's sound sense," rejoined Boone,

Then a slight movement of Lark's head put a stop to the conversation of the two scouts, and eagerly they watched the man bound so ightly to the tree-trunk.

Lark raised his head slowly. By the light of the moonbeams the two watchers could plainly see that it was deathly pale. But they also noted a change in the face. The eyes, which before had been lusterless and halfclosed were now opened wide, and, seemingly, strained to their fullest extent. They glared ike eyes of fire-shone more like the eyes of a wild beast than the orbs of a human.
"Look at his eyes!" said Boone, in a cau-

tious whisper. "They look as if they would pierce through a fellow!" observed Kenton, in a tone of

Carefully and searchingly Lark glared around him as if to discover whether he was watched Then he essayed to move from the tree, but

the bonds that bound his hands and feet to the tree-trunk restrained him. In amazement Lark looked down upon the fetters that impeded his action.
"His memory's clean gone," said Boone in

Kenton's ear. "I do believe he is mad now," observed Kenton, in a tone of conviction. "Yes, but look at him."

Lark was carefully surveying the bonds that bound him to the tree.

A moment or two his eyes glared upon the

leathern fetters, and then, with a desperate effort, he essayed to break them.

The veins on his forehead knotted and swelled as he tugged with almost superhuman strength, but the effort was useless. He could

not free himself. "Jerusalem! ain't that strength thar!" mut-tered Boone, as he watched the tension of the

thongs.
"They're going to hold him, though," replied Kenton, eagerly watching the strange Again Lark glared around him, and again tried to burst the bonds that bound him. The thongs cut into the flesh of the wrists but he seemed not to heed the pain. Every

nuscle in his huge frame was brought into Another mighty effort and the leathern thong burst as if it had only been a band of

"Talk about a giant—did you see that thong go?" exclaimed Boone, in a guarded tone to 'He snapped it like a pipe-stem."

No look of triumph appeared upon Lark's face as he felt that his hands were free—only the look of fierce, settled determination. Again he glared around the little opening as if in search of watchers; then he proceeded o untie the lashings that bound his feet to the

In a few minutes the thongs dropped to the He stepped from the side of the oak and drew himself up proudly to the moonbeams, as if rejoicing that he was free. All traces of his former feebleness had disappeared.

The two scouts watched his movements with

Lark, pausing in the center of the little open-ing, fumbled for a moment at his girdle. "He's looking for a we'pon," said Boone, in

a winsper.

"Yes, it looks like it," replied Kenton.

Then from his girdle Lark drew a keen-edged scalping-knife. He tried the edge of the blade and the point, carefully, upon his finger; then, with a grim smile of satisfaction, he replaced

the knife in his girdle. Slowly, with cautious steps, Lark stole across the glade, but on the borders of the wood he halted—paused for a moment, irresolute, and then his strength seemed to fail him. A deep groan of anguish came from his lips.

He tottered for a moment, as though striving by the mere force of his will to keep his feet;

then, with another groan, deeper and more agonizing than the first, he fell heavily to the Quickly Boone and Kenton left their covert

in the thicket, and hastened to his side.

Again he lay in a swoon, senseless, as before; the swollen veins marked the white forehead and the waxy drops of perspiration formed a

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

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#### BLODGINS, HIS MOUTH.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

It was a matter of much thought
To tell where it began;
It was too large a mouth to be
Upon so small a man.

And were he coming up the road
Far in the distance dim,
You'd see his mouth an hour before
You'd catch a glimpse of him.

Nature's sublime economy It showed without a doubt, For vast material was saved By leaving that much out.

'Tis said by those who knew him well That from the very first He always used the largest words Whenever he conversed.

And when he had to pay a pawn
With just one kiss, no more,
The fair young damsels would complain
That each one counted four.

While for vain-glorious forms of speech He did not care a fig; 'Tis said because his mouth was large He always talked quite big.

By men quite competent to know, It has been truly said His mouth could never grow unless They did enlarge his head.

Tve often heard of men who could Speak volumes, but I'm sure I ne'er saw such facilities For doing that before.

He had an alligator laugh;
And when he went to smile
I lie if 'twasn't visible
Three-quarters of a mile.

But, one day Blodgins disappeared; 'Twas thought he had gone south; But I stand ready to believe He crawled into his mouth.

## Strange Stories.

A GAME WITH ST. PETER A STORY OF FAMOUS CLAUDE DUVAL

BY AGILE PENNE.

THE time, a bright August morning in the year 1678; the place, a sheltered nook 'twixt two huge oaks, by the high-road leading from Bedford to Northampton, in Merrie England, the huge oak trees known far and wide as the twin sisters; the man, a tall, well-knit fellow, dressed in a ragged suit of black, and seated upon a stone. Before him was a second stone which served as a table.

The man was deeply occupied. His hat was cast carelessly upon the ground, the shirt at his neck was undone, and his handsome face, more for you." which betrayed French blood, was strongly marked with the lines of care.

In his hand he held a dice-box, and he was

most earnestly engaged in play; the right hand against the left, apparently.

The dice rattled within the box.

"Now then!" cried the gamester, "one more throw. I'll lay thee ten crowns upon the cast. Play fair! no palming, if thou lovest me! The dice, I'll swear, are not loaded, but

good true cubes of ivory. Now!" Out rolled the dice upon the stone. "Ten!" cried the man, his tone one of tri "Aha! I'll lay thee another wager of ten crowns to five that thou canst not beat that

cast! Is it a bargain? Yes? go on then. If the Doctrine of Probabilities, which has re-ceived the sanction of our king, be correct, there are just eleven chances to one that the throw will not be beat." The left hand placed the dice within the

The left hand placed the dice within the box, shook them up vigorously and rolled them out upon the rude table.

"Eleven!" cried the man, in horror. "Oh, Saint Bridget! did ever mortal man see such luck? Faith! if this goes on much longer, I shall not have enough left to buy a rope to hang myself with, out of all my father left. But come another try! Luck can not always. But come, another try! Luck can not always run in one direction

Then the right hand picked up the dice, placed them in the box and rattled them

And as the stranger, cursing his luck and calling upon all the saints in the calendar to aid him, was shaking the box in a most furious manner, along the highway came a little withered-looking old man. He was dressed even worse than the tattered gambler, who was

swearing to himself in so outrageous a manner As the stranger approached, the man seated beneath the oaks attracted his attention, and he listened to his many oaths in wonder. So intent was the gambler in cursing the dice, himself and all else in the world, that he

did not hear the footsteps of the stranger. See him he could not, for his back was toward

"Now then, I'll vow, I'll play no more un-less my luck changes!" the dicer cried. "Ten crowns I'll put upon this cast, and may Satan seize the dice if they do not win for me! Down came the box, out rolled the dice, a four and a three.

"Seven!" howled the gambler, in disgust.
"Oh, Saint Denis! what a throw that is!" The little old man, who had been watching

the stranger in utter astonishment, had looked first to the right and then to the left, in order to discover with whom the gambler was playing, but no mortal soul save he and the dicer stood within sight. The little man crept a step nearer and peered

over the shoulder of the gambler, as though he expected to see the stranger's adversary stretched upon the ground, upon the other side of the stone, which, for the nonce, had been transformed into a gaming-table.

The noise of his tread attracted the attention of the gamester, and he roused himself from his despair and looked around. When his eyes fell upon the stranger, he cried aloud in joy.
"Welcome, good man!" he exclaimed; "you have come in time. Here have I lost a matter

of nearly five guineas, and I have grave doubts whether I have been fairly dealt with. If there has been cogging or palming in the game, the wagers are off and I'll not pay a single crown. The dice are fair; I purchased them myself." But with whom do you play?" asked the old man, in wonder. With Saint Peter.

"With Saint Peter!" echoed the old man. "Yes; he, you know, that keeps the gate to Paradise; and though I own that it would go against my heart to charge so worthy a gentle-man with using trick and unfair device, like a Captain Sharp at a fair plucking a 'pigeon,' yet else, Satan himself must be in the dice for me to lose so constantly and steadily."

All this the stranger said with a grave face and an earnest air, yet there was a peculiar twitching about the eyes which impressed the old man with the belief that the gambler's reason was unsound.

'But I do not understand it at all," the little, old man said, timidly. "How is it possible that

'Easy enough," replied the gamester, scorn-ly. "After my father died and I was left ir to all his property, worthy Saint Peter one to me in a dream, and a jolly fellow he

sunrise to sunset. Now, we are right in the middle of a main. See, my right hand—that and nothing more. throws for me-has turned up seven, and there is ten crowns staked upon the cast. Now, my left hand will play for the saint, and since, in the last cast, he threw eleven to my ten, it is safe to wager that he will more than equal my throw now. I have it!" cried the gamester, suddenly, "I will wager the twenty crowns to ten that the saint will win; so, I shall get my money back.

"Nay," replied the little old man, in evident alarm, "I have no money, and if I had, I would not venture crowns upon such an uncer-

"At all events thou shalt see that the saint deals fairly with me and durst not cheat me out of my rights," grumbled the gamester.
"I will do that willingly enough," said the old man, amused at the conceit of the madman,

for such he thought the dicer.
"Two wax candles to our Lady if I win the cast !" cried the gamester, as he rolled the dice out upon the stone

But it was evident that Saint Peter had more influence at the court of Dame Fortune than the patron to whom the gamester had appealed, for the cubes counted up twelve for the saint. "These are Satan's own bones!" cried the ambler, in a rage. "See! they give Saint gambler, in a rage. Peter twelve when he needed but eight to win

the stake."
"Luck does run against you," remarked the old man, in sympathy. "Never spoke you truer word!" said the

dicer, sadly "I have lost five guineas since I came to play

this morning."
"But the saint will not press you for payment," suggested the old man.
"A debt of honor should be paid at once!"
"But how can you pay Saint Peter?"

"Why, he always sends his messengers to receive it; some poor soul who needs the money." Then the gamester surveyed the little old man. "And now I look at you, I nothing doubt that Saint Peter has sent you to receive the money. Here are the five guineas; take them and begone. And hark ye," the gamester added, as the old man clutched the money and began to hobble onward, "pass this way this

The gambler then returned to his dice, and the old man went on his way.

No beggar, though, was the ragged old man, Simon Wedwinch, by name, and chief agent to the Bishop of Bedford. He was now on his way to collect the rents due to his master, and had dressed himself in rags that he might not hastily.

'My name is Rachel," the child answered. The rents collected, master Simon hurried home, and came again to the Twin Sisters. He thought another five guineas might not

ome amiss from the mad gambler.
"Double or quits, and the stake is mine!" quoth the gamester, as Simon approached him.
"How goes the game?" asked Simon.
"Bravely!" cried the gambler. "Saint Peter

owes me a round thousand pounds!"
"He'll not be apt to pay thee!" Simon sug-

"Oh, yes, he will; has he not sent me thee, his banker, the agent of his grace of Bedford, so hand over the rents you have collected to-day, and Saint Peter and I are quits."

Too late, worthy Simon saw the snare. No kelp though. The thousand pounds were paid, and the mad dicer, wild, gay Claude Duval, the noted highwayman, was so much the richer for

#### Miss Leighton's Pride. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

IT was Christmas morning. The snow had fallen in the night and lay ike a white garment over tree and house-top, and shut out the grime and grimness of the streets from the gaze. It was as if the world had put on new and spotless robes to celebrate he birthday of the Saviour.

Miss Leighton stood at the window of her stately mansion and looked out. Sleighs were beginning to pass up and down the streets, laden with merry men and women and children. The jingle of sleigh-bells filled the air with gay, glad music. Happy faces passed before Miss Leighton's gaze as she looked out from the folds of lace which shimmered

How happy everybody looks this morning," a said. "Everybody but me. I must keep she said.

in the keen, clear sunlight of the winter morn-

my Christmas alone.

With all the splendor of which she was mistress, Rachel Leighton was poor as no person ought to be. She missed from her life that love and friendship which constitutes true wealth. She looked about her on this Christmas morning, as she turned away from the window, and sighed. The floor was covered with a carpet whose softness gave back no echo to the heaviest tread. The walls were hung with rare and beautiful pictures. Looking at some of them on that crisp, bracing winter day you could have forgotten the keen air out of doors, the snow and frost, and thought your self in the warmth and balm of summer time Flowers bloomed in tropical beauty and lux-uriance in the great bay-window, and their fragrance filled the room, until, with the warmth which pervaded the air, the place was really a bit of summer transplanted into the winter. A piano stood open, with music scat-tered over it. Costly little busts were here and there on brackets, and books lay on the tables inviting one to open them, and forget every thing else in their pages. In the window, among the trailing ivies, a canary swung and sung. There was nothing lacking in comfort or elegance. But to Miss Leighton there was something lacking after all. It was lonely.

She stood there and thought of what the Christmas mornings used to be. How very different from this! How anxiously she and her sister Alice had waited for the first streaks of dawn to spring from their beds and wish the "merry Christmas" wishes. They had been very happy in those days, she and Alice. Their father was with them then, and the little circle was a loving one. By and by that father whom they loved so well died, and the property was left to each sister; half to Rachel, half to Alice. Rachel was to have charge of Alice's until she married. On her marriage, provided that marriage was not with John Van Dyck, who was the only child of a life-long enemy of Mr. Leighton's, the property belonging to Alice was to be made over to her. John Van Dyck had loved Alice, and Mr. Leighton had kept them apart, and hence that clause in his will

the Twin Sisters, and play at dice for five hours | married John Van Dyck, and the property | among the ladies, which accounted for the fact | Marcia's mother, with delighted familiarity, and or so. Willing to oblige, and thinking possibly went to the hospital her father had named, and when my time came to tap at Saint Peter's gates, Rachel, with all the old Leighton pride, shook it would be as well to have a friend at court, I consented, but so deep in play have we got, that it is common with us to throw dice from loved and who loved her. Rachel was lonely

> She thought of it all this Christmas morning. She had not seen Alice for a long time. Once in a great while they met, but not often. Their lives were in different spheres. John Van Dyck had lost all the property he had inherited from his father, and took a position as clerk in a large firm in a part of the city Rachel seldom visited. When wealth was gone, and they had to begin the foot of the lodder.

and they had to begin at the foot of the ladder their summer-time friends forsook them, and consequently John and Alice crossed Rachel Leighton's pathway but seldom, since they had been dropped from the circle in which wealth

had given them a place. Someway, this Christmas morning seemed more lonely to Rachel than any other one ever She knew that in other homes there would be glad and happy greetings. There would be pleasant reunions among friends and kindred. But she must keep her Christmas alone. Something like a tear trembled over her lashes as she turned away from the window, and ordered the carriage. She would ride. Perhaps that would help to drive off the lonesome, yearning feeling which torment-

She lay back listlessly and watched the passers-by from her carriage windows. How

happy they seemed to be! Suddenly a cry came to her, a bitter, sharp cry of pain, and the horses were reined up sharply and suddenly. She opened the door and looked out. A child had slipped in crossing the street, and the carriage had passed over her ankle. The girl sat on the ground, with her hands holding the injured limb tightly, as

"You are hurt. Poor thing!" said Miss Leighton, pityingly. "Help her into the carriage, Robert, and then drive wherever she wants to go. As well there as anywhere, and she can not walk."

The coachman assisted the girl into the carriage. She lay back among the luxurious cushions, half forgetting her pain in the plea-

sure which the prospective ride gave her. "Where do you want to go?" asked Miss Leighton, kindly.

The girl named a street in the lower part of

the town, and fixed her wondering blue eyes on Miss Leighton's face suddenly, in a long, steady, carnest look. Ain't you my aunt Rachel?" she asked,

Miss Leighton started at the unexpected query.
"What is your name, little one?" she asked,

Papa's name is John, and mamma's name is "Papa's name is John, and mamma's name is Alice. I've got an aunt Rachel, but I never saw her. Mamma's got her picture, though, and it looks just like you. I started to find her this morning. Mamma said she wished she could wish her 'Merry Christmas,' and I thought maybe I'd find her. I runned away. Are you her?" and the child's wide blue eyes looked questioningly into Miss Leighton's.

"Yes I am your aunt Bachel." she answer-

"Yes, I am your aunt Rachel," she answered, struggling with her pride. A strange bat-tle was going on in her heart between that pride and a yearning for friendship and some one to love her. Could she let bygones be bygones? Could she forget that Alice had marwhat right had her father's wishes? After all, what right had her father to forbid Alice to marry the man she loved? Love was not to be sacrificed for a mere old-time grudge.

"Oh! I'm so glad," cried the child. "I

wish you a merry Christmas, aunt Rachel!" Miss Leighton caught the child and kissed her over and over, great tears blinding her given way to its lo On this Christmas morning she would put by the past, and begin a better, happier life.

The carriage stopped before a plain little

"You may wait," she said to the driver, and taking little Rachel in her arms, she ran up the steps and went in without knocking

"Mamma! Papa!" cried the child, "I run-ned away to find aunt Rachel, and wish her merry Christmas, and I found her !

Alice turned suddenly from the baby's crib, over which she had been bending. She saw Rachel standing on the threshold, and a cry broke from her lips.
"Oh, Alice!" the elder sister cried, "I want

you to forgive me, and forget the past. want you to love me. I am so lonely!"

"I wish you merry Christmas!" Alice said, so solemnly and earnestly that it was a prayer, and then Miss Leighton found herself sobbing on her sister's breast, and Alice was kissing er, and dropping happy tears upon her face. "John," Rachel Leighton said, a little while after that, "I want to begin a new life from to day. I want you and yours to come to me My home is large enough for all of us. I wants happy hearts to fill it, and drive out the

weary loneliness that has been there so long You must not tell me no." An hour later John and Alice, and little Ra chel and the baby followed Miss Leighton up the steps of her splendid home, and there wer glad faces, and gladder hearts, among its splenor on that Christmas afternoon.

And Miss Leighton's heart was full of the grand melody of peace on earth and good-will

## Half a Yard of Alpaca.

BY MARY REED CROWELL ...

JOHN LANG laid an open letter on the desk before him; propped his elbows on it, and rested his head on his hands to re-read it. A lengthy, friendly letter, written in Marcia

St. Cymon's most genial, gossipy style, and more than once Mr. Lang caught himself smiling at "Speaking of Ellie," the letter said, "and having

learned the day was decided on that will make you a happy man (I am sorry that I can not conscien-tiously say that Ellie will be so delighted a bride) reminds me of your promise to bring your friend, Mr. Chauncey, up to Lakelands for a visit, provided we are not down to the city before you come. If we are, we will leave our address at the office, and you will call, with Mr. Chauncey, at our hotel." Mr. Lang smiled at the genuine friendliness

Marcia displayed; he thought what a charming cousin she would be—and what a good wife she would make Harry Chauncey, provided he met her expectations. He folded away the letter, and resumed his books until nearly twelve, and then went out to meet Harry Chauncey on the corner, just entering his res-

A dashing, good-looking young man, with an immaculate shirt bosom and spotless cuffs, or-

that he was the salesman in Merino & Satine's | Harry felt he had made a good impression there

great dry goods house. Just now he gave his hand confidentially to

John Lang.

"Got a letter yet? any hope of my meeting the charming heiress? I tell you what, Lang, if ever a fellow was sick of counter-jumping, it's this one.'

"You mean you'd rather marry Miss St. Cymon and her forty thousand, and live at the Grange, and drive your own barouche—"
"Have a darkey in livery to drive it for me,"

corrected Chauncey, gayly.

Lang laughed, and handed him Marcia's let-

There is nothing in it but you may read and welcome. Your chances are good, old fellow; and I can tell you there's not many a rich girl who would overlook the fact of your being

Chauncey was reading the elegant little letter eagerly, his blue eyes shining with satisfied de-

only a dry-goods clerk."

"You must have spoken a good word for me, Lang; and I assure you I shall do my ut-most to be a credit to you."

"Marcia is favorably impressed, doubtless; you know my Ellie told her what a good-look-

ing rogue you were. Half-past twelve! Jupiter Ammon, Harry. I've got to take French

Lang had casually looked at his watch, and then rushed off, hurriedly, Harry sauntering into the restaurant leisurely.

"I know it's late, but I'll have something to

eat, for all that. Old Merino 'll be sure to hail

me when I go back now, and a half-hour isn't much more than ten minutes." He called for his rare roast beef, his fried sweet potatoes, his glass of Burton ale, and a bird-nest pudding; ate them in graceful leisure, as if he had all day to spare to the task; picked his handsome teeth daintily, with his chair tilt-ed backward, then called for his check, paid it,

"Good-looking, eh?" he thought, as he adjusted his luxuriant Dundreary whiskers by the glass in the little hat room off the store. "By George, I am good-looking," and Lang spoke the truth for once in his life. "There's not a discerning young lady enters our store but that comes straight to me to be waited upon. I've

such a way, I suppose. He walked into the store very carelessly. very indifferently, but somehow he looked up just as he passed Mr. Merino's desk, and met that gentleman's keen eyes fixed on his face.
"Late again, Mr. Chauncey—the third time

his week. Another repetition results in—"
"Deducting the time from my large salary understand," he interpolated, sneeringly, and then took out his peneil and note-book, and under his employer's eyes, ciphered diligently a

"It amounts to just two and a half cents, Mr. Merino-this tardiness of mine He put away his paper and pencil, and went leisurely on to his place, meeting as he did so a young girl, who stood timidly looking about

"Have you any black alpace to match this?"
She extended a woolen, glared hard toward
Chauncey, who leaned back against a pillar, in
disdainful hauteur.

It was not his style of customer-a girl in a red blanket shawl and a green berege vail over her face. And absolutely woolen—yes, ill-fit-

ing woolen gloves! Indeed, not his style—and to match black alaca, too! He always attended the silken atired beauties who came in their carriages, who wore gauzy vails, that did not conceal their pretty faces or hide him from their eyes, who vore four-buttoned kids, and who ran up a big

So Mr. Chauncey curied his lip, and took the trouble to look around for some one else to match the black alpaca. But no one was in

sight or disengaged.
"What d'ye want?" he said, roughly, with "What d'ye want?" he said, roughly, without uncrossing his legs, or moving a muscle to two Kaupapas—that's what they call war-caward waiting upon her.
"I wish to match this piece of goods; it is

the Beaver brand." 'No it isn't, either. I can tell the Beaver ilpaca as far as I can see it. We haven't any of that stuff you have."
"It came from here yesterday: I would be

"I've no time to be bothered with such troublesome business. I suppose if I were to undo a hundred pieces, you'd probably buy a yard to bay me for my trouble."

want a half-yard, sir, and if-" "Then get it the best way you can. Oh, Miss Vesey, good-morning! You have come to look at our lovely new shades of crepe, I know. This way, please."

He had wheeled around from the girl with

the sample of alpaca and bowed with all his grace to a young lady, loaded with costly ap-parel, who had just come in. The girl in the scarlet shawl turned around and went quietly out, unknown, unnoted among the throng; her cheeks flushed under her green vail, her eyes flashing angry fire as she walked

up Broadway.

John Lang stepped into Merino & Satine's dry-goods store a few minutes before the hour of closing, and found Harry Chauncey disengaged, waiting till the porters should put up

"Prepare to be delighted, Chauncey; to-night you shall see her; to-night you shall go forth to conquer as sure as Fate. She's here at the Hoffman House; arrived this morning with her mother and Ellie, very unexpectedly." Chauncey felt his heart leap

"Have you seen her? What did she say about me—any thing?" Lang laughed at Harry's unfeigned eager 'She's very anxious, indeed, to meet you.

She made me promise over and over to bring you to-night."

"Mr. Chauncey, please step this way?"

It was Mr. Satine's voice, the senior partner, a bald-headed, eagle-eyed, sharp-spoken man —a man who said but little, but whose little

meant a great deal.

Harry walked briskly up to the private office, a walled-off room, with plate glass and walnut

him a sealed envelope.

"Your wages until Saturday night, young man. We dispense with your services from this time. Anyman guilty of rudeness to both

employer and customer can not remain on these premises. Good-day."

And Harry, with a sudden collapsed feeling, was obliged to crawl out, feeling very blank, very undone, a little mad, considerably disgusted—until he thought of Marcia St, Cymon.

"I'll win her—or—"

I'll win her-or-"Hello, what's up-any thing wrong?" Lang asked it carelessly and Harry rejoined as carelessly:

'And where is Miss Marcia?" Lang asked.

after a half-hour.
"A little late; you will pardon her, I know.
She has been out this afternoon, and is dressing now,"

A second later and, heralded by the rustle of silken robes, Miss St. Cymon came in—a tall, splendid-looking girl, with a cold, proud face, and a singular light in her bright dark eyes.

Harry's heart jumped to his throat. This was the girl he had dreamed of, thought of, for whom he was going to stake his all. Lang introduced them; Marcia bowed, smiled languidy, then went over to the piano for a tiny parcel with which she returned

"I succeeded in matching my alpaca, Mr. Chauncey," she said, unrolling a half-yard piece on the marble table, and then handing him it with her rarest smile.

'I think you'll agree with me it is the Beaver

Poor Chauncey! You might have knocked him down with a feather. He gave her such a wild, hunted look, and then blundered out something inarticulate.

"I bought it finally at Claffin's," she said, sweetly, "and the salesman was so gentlemanly, even if I did wear my old shawl and hat. I do so enjoy a masquerade now and then-don't vou. Mr. Chauncey

And he said "yes," under the indignant sparkle of her eyes, and then—remembered an en-gagement and took himself off—poorer than he and been in many a day. While Marcia told her little adventure-how she had suddenly conceived the idea of seeing him first, and how she never wanted to see him again.

## Forecastle Yarns. Among the Cannibals.

"IF our first Dicky hadn't been so free with his hands the day he lammed me over the head with a marlin-spike, mates," said Joe Carey, "I wouldn't hev this yarn to tell. But he did hit me, and fer nothin' at all, and I jest made up my mind ter quit the fust chance I got. Ef sailor don't get a chance, he'll make a chance and it wa'n't many days afore I cut my stick. I didn't go alone, acause Jim Ferguson, him we used to call 'Dirty Slush,' had received a love-pat from the Dicky that made him sick of the barky, and he went with me.

"We was becalmed in sight off the Maories, one pleasant night, and by good luck one of the boats that was gitting sun-checked was towing astarn and I took good keer to leave some pad-dles in her. We stole a bug of biskit, a lot of nails, two or three hatchets, and made up the

best of our kit in bundles. 'The boys knowed what we was a-goin' to do, but who ever knowed a good shipmate to blab on the boys? It turned dark when our watch was called, and the boys helped us get our donnage on deck, and when the mate was fo'ward, I lowered 'em into the boat. Half an nour later we slid down the line, cast off at the bow, and drifted away. We didn't tech the paddles till we was a good ways from the old aft and then mebbe we didn't lay in our best icks. We was ten miles from the Islands and knowed we was goin' into a hornit's nest, but we hated that old coffin so bad that we didn't seem to care a cuss whether the Maories made

mince-meat of us or not.
"Boys, it were a lucky thing that I took Jim Ferguson with me that cruise—the cussidest feller you ever did see! That man could do any thing and swaller any thing under the sun. He could hold a lighted candle in his mouth and never flinch, and was the best sl'ight-ofhand man you ever struck. He'd l'arned me some of his tricks, too, and we kalkilatid to

stonish the natyves some'at, and I guess we did. noes in the Maories-roundin' a p'int of land not fur away. They see'd our boat on the shore and come at us head on, howling loud enough to wake the dead, and shaking their war-clubs in the air. You've see'd some Kanakers, mates, but you don't know what a real true-blue cannibal in all his glory is till you see em as we see'd 'em, b'ilin'-hot fur war.
"Now was the time fur Tim. He stood up

on a rock and took a lot of pebbles in his hand and swallered 'em, and while they was looking wild at him he took out a jack-knife, held it up so that they could see what it was, and swallered that. They come ashore, but when they see that he wasn't afraid of them, they turned more friendly, and Jim went up and rubbed noses with the head man, a gray-headed old thief who looked mean enough for any-thing. I see'd that it were the best card, and I went fur another greasy old skunk, and nigh about rubbed his nose off. That's their sign of friendship, and we had 'em foul.
"Then Jim waved them back, and you orter

seen the cuss let himself loose and 'stonish them critters. He lighted four or five matches at once and held em in his mouth till they burned out. He lit a piece of lightwood and put that in his mouth. He swallowed a piece of the coal—or anyway they thought he did—and I wasn't fur behind him, acause I knowed a good many of his tricks. You never see a lot of fools so completely flabbergasted since you was born, and from that moment we was kings among 'em. Everybody wanted to rub noses with us, but we was on our dignity, and wouldn't 'low no liberties from any one unless he was a chief. Then they tock our boat in tow and away we went, honored guests, and they took us to their village.

"Now Jim had been in a ship with a Maori man, two years afore, and had l'arned a little of their langidge, and the way he lied to them untutered salviges was 'prisin' to think of. He told 'em we was a couple of white spirits sent to teach 'em how to fight, and that they must put our boat under taboo because we must

leave them when we were called.
"We was married thar, a-course, and we didn't marry into no common families, nei-ther. The king's darters only was good enough for us, and you see afore you the son-in-law of King Rudov - Manmal, king of Kantapoo. Why don't you bow down in the dust, you son-of-a-gun? Can't you detect the majesty of this The instant Harry entered Mr. Satine handed nobil brow?

But we got tired of it arter awhile. They sickened us and we made up our minds to quit, because when the old king died they was going to tattoo Jim and make him king. could see that the old chap couldn't last long, and so, one day, when a Kaupapa came in and said that a 'great white cance' was taking in water about two miles below, we took the chance. Jim told them that a great misfortune hung over the tribe and that they must all go to the sacred mountain for three days, and no a man, woman or child must come near the vil We left a lot of presents for our wives, and got our boat and went for the ship. I was the Sea Mew, of New Bedford, and they

Nothing wrong. What time'll we go up to the gates of Paradise, and that he wanted some agreeable occupation to enable him to pass the time away. And after more words he challenged me to come every pleasant morning to to a hospital in case she married the son of the man he hated, and whom he had forbidden her to marry. But Alice was a true woman. Love to her was more than wealth. And so she